THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 4, 1961 . . 25c

SHELTERS

WHEN THE HOLOCAUST COMES

Roger Hagan

THE RELUCTANT MOLES

John Kay Adams

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

On the Draft Law

Dear Sirs: There are undoubtedly many evils in our Selective Service program, but I do not think that the public is enlightened or the evils remedied by articles in the nature of "Does the Draft Law Play Favorites?" by David Holmes, Jr., in your Sept. 23 issue.

First, as to 4-F deferments, Holmes thinks that the Army is not profited by high health standards since there are many military non-combative occupations, and that it is unfair to the public, since fitness for service may not correspond to fitness for success in civilian life. But if we grant that the Army does not need every draft-age male in the country today, it may be asked whether any more practical and equitable principle of classification could be found. That not everyone in the Army may have to fight does not seem to prove that the Army should take the sick with the healthy, thereby dissipating its budget on medical services (unless you want to argue that this is a valuable first step towards socialized medicine—a point not urged by Holmes, however). And to admit that success in the world may not depend upon a 1-A army rating does not mean that you must concede that any rating at all is unfair.

Second, as to fatherhood deferments, Holmes declares that not even the roughest sort of justice is served by it. Perhaps I am morally blind, but I cannot state categorically that it is unfair to draft non-family men over family men. It may be that many cynically raise families only to avoid the draft, but that does not mean that the law ought to be repealed, especially if no better classification is offered.

Third, as to the twenty-six-year-old deferments, Holmes again ignores the practicality for Army needs, and instead turns his guns on the fact that it does not matter how one stays exempt until he is twenty-six in order to become fully exempt after. I confess that it is a shame that many stay in school or in a sensitive job only to avoid the draft, but I do not see how the Army or anyone else can look into the *bona fides* of these people to determine whether they deserve their exemption. And it may be regrettable that many of them leave their posts on turning twenty-six, but I for one prefer that result to any device which compels them to stay on the job for some years after. It smacks too much of perpetual servitude for me. It is perhaps interesting to note that the one acceptable exemption for Holmes is for teachers — his own occupation.

More interesting than his attacks is Holmes's alternative scheme: increased veterans' benefits, a national lottery and a tax on those not picked. The veterans' benefits is an arguable matter, but I think one can say in good faith that the veteran population of this country has reaped a very fair share of this country's postwar benefits and does not need any more. The national lottery only replaces a defective, but rational, classification system with an entirely irrational one.

San Francisco, Calif. ROGER BERNHARDT

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bernhardt chooses to defend a system that finds 50 per cent of all draft registrants unfit for enlisted military service; I do not. The 4-F ratings are largely arbitrary. Can anyone really say that Mickey Mantle is physically unfit for military service? A roster of 4-Fs currently active in professional football would make a *Who's Who* in both leagues. Under today's mental standards, Alvin York would undoubtedly be unable even to enlist in the Army.

The fatherhood deferment simply opens an escape hatch for registrants. We worry about a "population explosion," so we exempt from military service all registrants who have married and had children. And if morality does dictate that we exempt fathers from active military duty, why are they not required to serve in the Reserves in place of those who have given several years to active duty? The answer has something to do with money.

The "perpetual servitude" that Bernhardt fears already exists for those youths who lack the means to escape the draft. They serve two to four years on active duty, several more in the Reserves, and are then subject to recall for Berlin or future crises. No one wants to tie the "twenty-six-or-out" exemptees to their jobs, but the very fact that they can use this ruling as a dodge shows its weakness.

Mr. Bernhardt and I are talking about different veteran populations. The World War II and Korean veterans (less than 10 per cent of whom, be it noted, actually saw combat) did indeed receive benefits. But the post-January, 1955, veteran receives about the same benefits — unemployment compensation, job counseling, etc. — as the federal penetentiary releasee. He does not even receive the Mustering Out Pay so necessary to tide him over into civilian life.

Mr. Bernhardt calls me on my support of teacher deferments, and I bow with embarrassment. I see no real reason why teachers should be exempted from their military obligation. For my own part, I served two years on active duty and three in the active Reserves — all mandatory. DAVID L. HOLMES, JR.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

337 ●

ARTICLES

339 ● The Cold War Sells Razors
by PHIL KERBY

341 ● Shelters:
I. When the Holocaust Comes
by ROGER HAGAN
II. The Reluctant Moles
by JOHN KAY ADAMS

349 ● Germany and the Two-Way Illusion
by HEINZ POL

351 ● Law and the Sit-Ins
by WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER

353 ● Letter from a New Orleans Mother
by BETTY WISDOM

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

355 ● Bedeviled by Friends
by W. S. MERWIN

356 ● The Gripes of Academe
by PAUL LAUTER

357 ● The Catch
by NELSON ALGREN

358 ● Letter from Havana
by ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

361 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

362 ● Theatre
by DAVID ROSS

363 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

363 ● Salvages: Lassitude (poem)
by ROBERT DUNCAN

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Nov. 4, 1961. Vol. 193, No. 15

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1961 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York N. Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1961
VOLUME 193, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The New Test Trap

"A moratorium," said Mr. Stevenson in his speech before the United Nations, "serves the cause neither of peace nor of international collaboration, nor of confidence among nations. We all were in this trap before. We cannot afford to enter it again. The United States will not do so. . . . The United States, as a responsible nation, must prepare to take all steps necessary to protect its own security and that of the world comunity."

The world community does not seem very eager for this kind of protection, but the fact that the Soviet Union was preparing the current series of tests while negotiating at Geneva is undeniable. There was a trap. The past trap Mr. Stevenson sees, but he does not see the new one we are walking into — one of our making, not the Soviets'. We are not compelled to share the obloquy which has descended on the Soviet Union. There is no military necessity for it. All Mr. Stevenson needs to do is read the speech of Roswell L. Gilpatric, Deputy Secretary of Defense, at Hot Springs, Va., on October 21.

"The fact is," said Mr. Gilpatric, "that this nation has a nuclear retaliatory force of such lethal power that an enemy move which brought it into play would be an act of self-destruction on his part." He went on to enumerate. We have 600 heavy bombers, each of which — Mr. Gilpatric did not say this, but it is well known in the genocide industry — will carry some 48 megatons of bombs apiece. We have a much larger number of medium bombers which, thanks to our highly developed in-flight refueling techniques and our world-wide system of bases, will serve the same purpose. We have six Polaris submarines at sea carrying a total of 96 missiles aimed at specific targets in the Soviet Union. We have about 70 ICBMs similarly deployed in the United States, and we have carrier strike forces, land-based theatre missiles, and Thor and Jupiter missiles emplaced on the territory of our various allies. The total number of our nuclear-delivery vehicles, Mr. Gilpatric assured his audience (with President Kennedy's approval) ranges into the tens of thousands — with, of course, an allowance of more than one warhead per vehicle. We have, on this authority, a "*second* strike capability which is at least as extensive as what the Soviets can deliver by striking *first*." (The italics are added.)

If this is so, what is the urgency of replying in kind to the Soviet Union and losing the moral advantage which has been handed to us on a platter? Have we anything to test that has not been tested already? In fact, our underground testing so far seems to have been largely of the token variety — the Kennedy Administration believed that it could not afford to let its domestic critics argue that it was supine in the face of Soviet aggression.

The statesmen on both sides are the captives of their weaponeers. The U-2 flights probably spotted all the Soviet missile bases. This gave the Soviet ICBM salesmen a chance to scream that they needed mobile missile bases with lightweight nuclear warheads, and bigger warheads to take advantage of the superior Soviet booster rockets. Our generals scream back, and the Stevensons (Adlai Stevenson himself made cessation of testing a 1956 campaign issue) act as their megaphones. On both sides, the people are their pawns, and will be as long as they believe what the generals and statesmen tell them.

A Little Low on the Decibels

Is the American press getting soft on communism? Is it overlooking a god-sent opportunity to trample on the Kremlin? It looks that way when one examines the handling of Soviet nuclear testing by our newspapers and radio. And naturally the American public, that for the most part is led around by the press like an organ grinder's monkey, is not much excited either. In Italy, tens of thousands of high school and university students went on strike when the Russians exploded their 30-megaton bomb, and a Molotov cocktail was flung at a Soviet trade office in Rome. Police in Oslo and Copen-

NOV 16 '61
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hagen broke up marches on the Soviet embassy by angry young men; in Copenhagen ten thousand Danes staged a torchlight parade in protest. In London there had been sit-downs even before the 30-megaton bomb was detonated, and Bertrand Russell walked out of the Soviet embassy in disgust at the "rigamarole and propaganda" to which he had been exposed. But in New York there were exactly two demonstrators, both young women, one of whom went on a hunger strike before the Soviet mission building on Park Avenue.

Perhaps the most flagrant press oversight was the treatment of Linus Pauling's message to Premier Khrushchev. As a premature objector to nuclear testing (while the United States was doing it), Professor Pauling is not quite respectable; nevertheless, one would think that his present views would be headlined. Not at all; his outcries were completely ignored by most of the media and in the others received about as much space as a fist fight in a bar. It remained for Radio Liberty, an organization of "former Soviet citizens," to broadcast Pauling's message in full to the Soviet people. Pauling spoke from his laboratory at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. "I am a member of the *Akademiya Nauk* of the Soviet Union," he began. "I am proud to be one of the two Americans who have been given this honor." Then he proceeded to lay down the law. He told Khrushchev that if he carried out his intention to explode a 50-megaton bomb, the radioactive fallout would cause 40,000 grossly defective children to be born in the next few generations, and perhaps 400,000 more in later centuries. "Moreover," Pauling went on, "bomb tests are a form of militarism that increases the probability of nuclear war and, accordingly, increases the chance that we shall all be killed in a great nuclear war. . . ."

But Pauling had sent another telegram, which Radio Liberty also broadcast. This one read: "Dear President Kennedy, I urge that you announce that the United States government pledges that it will not carry out any further nuclear bomb tests of any sort, provided that the Soviet Union revokes its plans for a 50-megaton nuclear bomb test, and that the United States will not resume testing so long as the Soviet Union refrains from testing. This action of stopping the bomb tests would prevent the human suffering caused by genetic and somatic damage from radioactive fallout and would decrease the probability of a devastating nuclear war by decreasing the militaristic activities of the two great nuclear powers."

The intolerable heresy of equating American and Soviet fallout is what made Pauling's expostulations unacceptable, and it also accounts for the muted tone of our great virile media of publicity and persuasion. As *The Nation* pointed out editorially (September 30, p. 190), most of the Pentagon and the RAND Corporation and Atomic Energy Commission and the great research and development organizations were straining at the leash long before Khrushchev gave them, as well as his own nuclear warriors, the go-ahead signal. It was a safe conclusion, now forecast before the U.N. by Ambassador Stevenson and Arthur Dean, that the United States would resume testing in the atmosphere as soon as the situation had been milked of its initial propaganda advantage. The press is inhibited in its denunciations because we are about to do the very thing that, pro tem, is being denounced.

The New Sell

By and large, the press did not probe very deeply into the seminal aspects of Hollywood's latest spectacular—the huge "anti-Communist" rally staged in Hollywood Bowl on October 16 (see article on p. 339). *Newsweek's* account, for example, failed to mention the television sponsorship, while *Time* was apparently so embarrassed by the abject apology delivered to the audience by C. D. Jackson, *Life's* publisher, that it decided to omit any mention of the meeting.

Intrigued by the TV sponsorship, we did a little long-distance sleuthing on our own and can add one or two details to the report which appears in this issue. The account executive for the agency that represents Schick Safety Razor Company, one of the TV sponsors, assured us that the popular response to the telecast was far greater than had been anticipated. Only "product identification" was used; there were no commercials. Even so, Richfield Oil Company, another sponsor, was flooded with "thousands" of requests for credit-card applications; Schick was equally ecstatic about its mail. In fact the response was so enthusiastic that the thirty-three-stations telecast represents, we were told, "a real breakthrough" in television selling. From another source, we learned that the next "monster rally" of this sort will be staged in Washington, D.C. Doubtless there will be no dearth of eager sponsors.

For if "anti-communism" can be used to sell razor blades and motor oil, it may also prove to be a good sell for deodorants and automobiles—for a time. But business executives and their Madison Avenue advisers should scrutinize the new sell carefully before becoming rhapsodic about it. A company that sponsors partisan political rallies of the hysterical variety presented in Hollywood Bowl can hardly complain if many customers formerly satisfied with the product turn out to be dissatisfied with the political pitch. In this instance, Schick may find, in the long run, that there are more men with whiskers who—year in, year out—enjoy Gillette's telecasts of sports events than there are men eager to be summoned to a "holy war" to be fought with thermonuclear weapons against our "first implacable foe" (to use Mr. Jackson's striking phrase).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sponsors, networks and agencies should not avoid "controversial" programs per se, but if they undertake to put on partisan political programs, they must be prepared to take the consequences. The fact that the Bowl meeting was ostensibly devoted to a strident denunciation of a hated ideology does not, in the context, mean that it was devoid of partisan political implications—a point which Phil Kerby makes abundantly clear in his report. Tomorrow—or the day after—the new sell may turn out to be not a breakthrough for advertisers, but a fiasco.

The Terrors of South Vietnam

Just what is the importance of South Vietnam, aside from its value to Joseph Alsop, trouble's salesman, who makes frequent pilgrimages to the unhappy land and syndicates his gloomy findings? Is it a missile site which threatens the United States or its allies? Are we threatened with the loss of trade? Are Americans held for ransom? Have the Vietnam Communists desecrated the Stars and Stripes and sent photographs of the lewd ceremony to the Associated Press? Not one of these fearful conditions exists or is threatened. Yet, since we have sunk two billion dollars in the little country, it must have some importance in the reckonings of our leaders. Indeed it has: they fear that Red China will extend its influence there. The South Vietnam bastion must be held, or all Southeast Asia will fall under the Chinese sway. So we are told.

What we are not told is why, with all the American money and military aid the South Vietnam rulers have received, they cannot cope with the Viet Cong. According to Robert Trumbull (*The New York Times*, October 22) the government forces, now numbering 160,000 and shortly to be increased to 200,000, are faced by a Communist force of no more than 20,000. The trouble, according to the same source (with plenty of backing from the journalists who have faced the facts) is simply that Vietnam is a peasant country and far more peasants are helping the Viet Cong than are helping the government. Why this perversity on the part of the honest tillers of the soil? Trumbull's explanation is that "somehow the regime has been unable to convince the masses of its worthy intent, while the Communists, through superior propaganda techniques, have capitalized on the Administration's failures."

Trumbull seems to be better at observation than at explanation. The government of President Ngo Dinh Diem is composed of as precious a crew of grafters and proven political incompetents as the United States has been able to embrace since the end of World War II. *That* is the basis of Viet Cong strength and the Red Chinese threat. In so far as Vietnam's fate affects our interests, we are the authors of our own jeopardy. It is not written in the book of destiny that we must send Vice President Johnson to Vietnam to promise further aid and comfort to Diem, nor General Taylor to assess the need for more American troops. We already have 685 military advisers there, including 350 experts in anti-guerrilla warfare. To send in combat troops would hasten the debacle, which will probably occur no matter what General Taylor recommends. If General Taylor is as wise as he is reputed to be, he will say no. He has received a plain warning from Cambodia, which threatens to shift from a neutral position to a *rapprochement* with the Chinese Reds. If the Kennedy Administration is not inherently disaster-prone, it will not make a bad situation worse. The only solution, actually, is the same as for Korea—reunite the northern and southern halves of the country under a U.N.-Great Power guarantee of neutrality and freedom from foreign influence.

THE COLD WAR SELLS RAZORS . . *by Phil Kerby*

Los Angeles

THE BACK-ALLEY brawl shaping up between Richard Nixon and former Gov. Goodwin J. Knight for the Republican nomination for Governor is currently overshadowed here by the operations of an outfit called the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. Headed by Fred C. Schwarz, forty-eight, a physician and Protestant lay evangelist from Australia, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade has had three major successes that may portend the expansion of its influence on a national scale: (1) a week-long anti-communism school in Los Angeles, Aug. 28-Sept. 1; (2) a similar rally Oct. 16 in Hollywood Bowl; and (3) the bush-whacking of a national magazine and the capture of its editorial support under circumstances that can only be described as bizarre.

The week-long school, held at the vast Los Angeles sports arena, site of last year's National Democratic Convention, netted $214,496, which inspired Dr. Schwarz to call the affair a "week of miracles." The week of miracles, presented nightly for two hours to local TV viewers under the sponsorship of the Richfield Oil Company, was not enough to satisfy Schwarz, who immediately announced plans for a "follow-up rally" Oct. 16, dubbed "Hollywood's Answer to Communism." Attracted by the appearance of a dozen or so familiar right-wing Hollywood figures, 15,000

PHIL KERBY is editor of Frontier, *published on the West Coast.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persons attended, but many times that number saw the affair on TV. The Schick Safety Razor Company and the Technicolor Corporation sponsored the telecast in Los Angeles, and Richfield Oil picked up the tab for its presentation in thirty-three other cities in six states.

"Hollywood's Answer to Communism" turned out to be the presence of actors, actresses and executives of more or less celebrity. The answers were supplied by imported talent, including Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, (D., Conn.); Rep. Walter H. Judd (R., Minn. and China); an ex-FBI hand named W. Cleon Skousen, and Schwarz. They had all appeared six weeks before (Judd by courtesy of remote control) at the sports arena, and their Hollywood Bowl material was a repetition of the standard reactionary clichés of the last fifteen years (a "select group" in the State Department is "responsible for our losses in China, Korea, Laos, Cuba and every place that Communist domination [*sic*] has taken over").

As the tedium wore on, master of ceremonies George Murphy, an old-time movie hoofer, promised the restive audience that a new member had joined the cast in a starring role. Working up some suspense, Murphy explained that people fighting in the holy cause had sometimes felt misunderstood and ill-served by the press. He wasn't referring to local newspapers, where the press treated the sports arena rally to the most lavish coverage since the disappearance of Aimee Semple McPherson. But some Eastern publications, and in particular *Life* in its Sept. 1, 1961, issue, had managed to control their enthusiasm. Referring to the grand master himself, *Life* had said that Schwarz

> . . . preached doomsday by communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor. . . . Schwarz tries to appear less extreme than the John Birch Society, and he publicly disavows Birchism. However, his local steering committees have often included known Birchers. Schwarz himself landed in this country with $10 in his pocket in 1953, but he has built the "Crusade" into a $500,000 business. Having persuaded forty-one California Mayors to proclaim this week as an official "anti-communism week," he now plans to take the road show on to New Orleans and Columbus; then, tentatively, to Chicago, Washington and New York.

Although the audience, with the exception of an "in group," probably was not aware of *Life's* heresy, Murphy's jocular, teasing manner made it clear that some sort of spectacular conversion to the true faith was going to take place. The crowd was not disappointed.

Smartly on cue, C. D. Jackson, publisher of the magazine, stepped forward. A Los Angeles newspaper, with uncharacteristic accuracy, reported that he was a "surprise speaker." What he had to say was surprising too. He began by saying that the United States today faced "the first implacable foe our country has ever had — imperial, aggressive, communism." Hitler? Not at all an implacable foe. "He started his salami conquest of Europe," said the speaker, "with total disregard, if not considerable contempt, for any possible role the United States might play in thwarting his dream of conquest."

Then Mr. Jackson got down to the reason for his appearance on the platform: an apology from *Life* to Schwarz and the Crusade:

> Dr. Schwarz — like all dedicated men — will be subject to oversimplified misinterpretation. Regretfully, my own magazine recently published such an oversimplified misinterpretation. I believe we were wrong and I'm profoundly sorry. . . . It's a great privilege to be here tonight to align *Life* magazine with Sen. Dodd, Rep. Judd, Dr. Schwarz and the rest of these implacable fighters.

THE CRUSADE poses as nonpartisan politically, but this is the flimsiest façade, unless one has the notion that politics is defined in this country only by the narrowing gap between the Republican and Democratic parties and not more accurately by the liberal-Left *vs.* the conservative-reactionary Right.

Without exception, the Crusade's speakers explicitly and implicitly preach war. Without exception, they oppose negotiations, which they equate with appeasement. Without exception, they attack not only liberals but such a moderate spokesman in foreign affairs as Sen. J. W. Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who presently is their principal target.

And without exception, the Crusaders sow distrust of the judgment and the motives of government leaders, past and present. Chester E. Ward, a retired admiral, named George Kennan as the leader of a group in government that "does not have confidence in America," and he placed in this category Fulbright, Stevenson and three White House advisers to the President. W. Cleon Skousen, whose status as an ex-FBI agent lends an authentic aura to his dramatics, said Harry Hopkins "penetrated" the atom-bomb project and sent secret material to Russia during the war. He blamed all our international difficulties on a "select group" in the State Department and called for an investigation of the department by Congress.

Such "over-simplified misinterpretations" of the nature of the East-West confrontation could be dismissed as the aberrations they are, if the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade had only minor support. But the Crusade, as shown by Mr. Jackson's spiritual rejuvenation, now enjoys significant financial help from business and industry and the enthusiastic collaboration of much of the press. No estimate of the cost of the TV broadcasts was available from the sponsoring corporations (they declined to reveal the figures), but the average price of prime TV time here runs about $2,000 an hour. Patrick Frawley, Jr., president of the Schick Safety Razor Company and chairman of Technicolor Corporation, is chairman of the Southern California School of Anti-Communism, a subsidiary of the Crusade.

Schwarz announced recently that the Crusade is now a million-dollar business. How is the money spent? Detailed reports of the salaries and the expenses of the staff and the fees paid to speakers like Dodd, Judd and Skousen have been promised, but have not yet been made public.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More important, however, is how the funds are spent in "fighting communism." Schwarz, in a recent letter to his followers, gives one clue to the organization's aims:

> In the midst of triumph in Southern California, stark tragedy lurks all around. Communist Cheddi Jagan was elected to head a government in British Guiana. Our Crusade worked very hard to inform the people of British Guiana of the nature of Communism, but were unable to turn the tide. Three teams . . . equipped with films and mobile units toured the rural areas, but election day brought sad news. . . . We asked for $100,000 and were able to invest $45,000 in this battle.

If "teams" came to the United States from an iron-curtain country, or from a friendly nation, to influence so much as a courthouse election, they would be kicked out of the country before they could say Dick Nixon.

Another Crusade target, Schwarz revealed, is Japan. "We have initiated a most exciting project," he said, "to support a group of educated, freedom-loving, anti-Communist Japanese in a program to reveal the true nature of communism to the Japanese students. The initial expenditure for this project is $50,000. The dividends will be priceless."

A "Latin American Institute" is planned by the Crusade, which in the words of Schwarz, will "flood" Latin America with propaganda.

CLOSING the Hollywood Bowl exercises, Schwarz, excited by the discovery that the presence of Hollywood film stars plus business-industry-press support equals big crowds and important money, proposed to extend the school in many states and Hawaii (*sic*) and, finally, to Washington, D.C., where, he said in his best down-the-nose manner, "it is greatly needed."

The prospect of a man who is not even a citizen, and who presents no visible credentials as a political authority, taking this road show (*Life* was right the first time) to the nation's capital to lecture the President and Congress is certainly not one of the lesser wonders of this wonderful era. Hardly less remarkable is the tolerance of such demagoguery against the background of an ominous international situation which requires the highest caliber of statesmanship if this world is to avoid destruction.

SHELTERS

I. When the Holocaust Comes . . *by Roger Hagan*

In the following pages, two distinct aspects of the bomb-shelter program are discussed. Mr. Hagan, a teaching fellow at Harvard University and editor of the Committee of Correspondence *Newsletter*, deals primarily with the program's political connotations and its practical efficacy in case of a nuclear attack. His report was originally prepared for *Cambridge 38*, an undergraduate journal at Harvard, whose editors have generously consented to its prior publication in *The Nation*.

In a second article, John Kay Adams, an assistant city editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, deals primarily with the ethical and moral problems posed by the program and the public's slow response to it.—EDITORS

WE HAVE arrived at an ugly moment in our national history. Across the land, as the publicity effort of civil defense gets through to more and more people, Americans have begun to arm themselves against their neighbors. The *Los Angeles Times* (Aug. 5) reports a speech by the Civil Defense Coordinator of Riverside County to the people of Beaumont, a city standing at the pass between Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley to the southeast. He warned all citizens to arm themselves with guns to repel the hundreds of thousands of refugees who would flee that way if Los Angeles were bombed. Thereupon the citizens of Nevada undertook to see that the northeast route out of Los Angeles through their state should also be sealed off by an armed militia. Next, the Civil Defense Coordinator of Kern County told the Bakersfield Chamber of Commerce (Bakersfield is on the northern route out of the Los Angeles basin) that fleeing ill and starving Angelinos would be stopped south of town and diverted into the desert by armed policemen (*San Francisco Chronicle*, Sept. 23). That leaves still open only the route due south, and if the citizens of San Diego are aware of the trend of events, I imagine that we shall hear from them soon.

For a nation that proclaims it would rather be dead than red, we seem to turn up an awful lot of people who would rather be alive than humane, and who, when all the blather about values and a way of life is done, are ready to mow down not just abstract institutions, but their friends and neighbors, in order to save their own skins.

THIS is only one facet of the ugliness, however. It is not too surprising to hear small-town toughs abusing logic by talking about being ready to die rather than endanger certain values and, in the same breath, advocate this kind of behavior under attack. It is just saddening to find them in the apparent ascendancy. But it is shocking that a similar kind of bad faith is given sanction by the highest voice in the land, and that nearly all the public press rushes forth with its approval.

What is that higher bad faith? It is the use of American civilian lives as counters in the game of credibility.

A few years ago, George Kennan implored us to have no part in holding millions of innocent people hostages for the behavior of their gov-

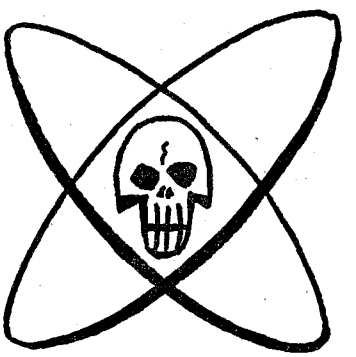
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernments. He was addressing the proponents of massive retaliation, and the innocent millions he had in mind was the enemy population. Since then our policy has moved down a few notches. The word "credibility" has become what "faith" and "dogma" were for the Spanish Inquisition, justifying anything, including holding hostage not only the enemy's population, but our own as well. To prove that we are willing to punish the enemy, it must be shown that we don't care what he does back to us in retaliation. It must be shown that we have the will to "fight" (an outmoded word for what modern war involves). And to show it, the American people have to be manipulated into the appropriate mood, if necessary by falsehoods and half-truths, to demonstrate that they are prepared to accept retaliation. That they are and will be utterly unprepared regardless of their basement shelters, no one tells them. The important question for the gamesters is not the *actual* survival chances, but their *appearance*.

NOW, although it is not a heartening prospect, it may be that we are willing to cooperate in kidding ourselves so that our leaders can kid the enemy. A lot of people are already volunteering for this service. It is even less attractive, however, to look at it from the position of the responsible officials. A truly effective shelter system, good for today *and* tomorrow, is beyond what we are willing to spend, probably beyond our means, perhaps beyond the endurance of our social system, and possibly beyond the endurance of human kind. The officials know this, but they have found a cheap alternative, and it is the public-relations man's way out: to convince the people that they are sheltered even when they are not. That is the greatest ugliness of this moment.

These would be harsh words for a policy aimed solely at protecting the lives of innocent non-combatants, even one not entirely effective; and if I believed that that was all it was, I would urge full cooperation. Leaving aside for the moment the question of effectiveness, then, cannot a national policy of civil defense be said to be solely protective and in itself innocuous? I am afraid not. For the United States, it has many other implications. In the presence of our missilery, our counterforce and "long war" strategies, CD is a part of an armory.

This need not be merely inferred. The Holifield Committee stressed, as a result of its 1959 hearings, a secondary value of civil defense extending far beyond its essentially protective capacity, namely its value as deterrent. Many contemporary theorists of civil defense stress this quality of their efforts. Some, I should say, insist that CD deters simply by reducing the numbers killable, thus making nuclear attack less attractive to an enemy by thwarting his aim. But any theorist worth his salt knows that killing everybody is not the enemy's aim at all; rather the *threat*



to kill is his *means*. His aim is to achieve stability, security or compliance to his wishes by means of the threat. Undoing his means by CD does not alter his aim, but merely throws it up to him to get a better means. In the context of the arms race, the better means will be a more penetrating weaponry which nullifies the going level of CD to the point where we are worried again. No, an intelligent theorist knows better than to *think* (whatever he may *say*) that CD is in itself a deterrent; it is no more deterrent by itself than it is provocative by itself. What the expert means when he says CD contributes to our deterrence is that it makes the use of our own weaponry more credible. The Holifield Committee hearings (and the way the CD effort has grown since our hopes for a new diplomatic deal have gone sour) suggest that Washington sees CD above all in its *strategic* and not its *protective* dimension, and this means that our leaders desire its contribution to credibility.

Credibility for what? Certainly not for pure retaliation. CD contributes little or nothing to the credibility of our "invulnerable," or second-strike, retaliation system. This can go off after most citizens are dead, and the enemy knows it; CD will not make it any more frightening to him. CD's likely contribution is to counterforce or pre-emptive strategy. It makes it believable (as long as everyone thinks CD does protect him, so that the enemy sees we think it) that we will smash the enemy for misdemeanors — or even for creating unbearable tension — *without waiting for* him to smash us.

WHY THE recent revival of this kind of bluster and sham? It is apparently the result of the impasse in our foreign policy. Ever since it became clear what a bad position we occupied in the Berlin crisis, and in the absence of any understanding of what long-range goals we might be seeking to secure in the settlement of that crisis, the panicky feeling has prevailed that the only way out of this thing is to make the Russians back down somehow. We do not trust nor want to deal with Ulbricht's East German regime, and at the same time we do not want to bring that regime into the arena of recognition and responsibility where we might, through the U.N., have some recourse by which to make it live up to agreements. The alternative is to hold Russia responsible for East German behavior in all respects. Zbigniew Brzezinski writes in the August 14-21 *New Leader* what must be close to the official position in the State Department:

> A response limited merely to reasserting Western determination to stay in free Berlin would be inadequate. It might well lead to our finding ourselves badly out-maneuvered come late fall. The U.S. should therefore make it clear now that any alteration by the East German regime, gradual or otherwise, of the existing arrangements with the Soviets would lead to measures directed not only at East Germany but at the USSR itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brzezinski admits that there is "great danger that the nation may be willing to fight for Berlin but will not understand the importance of backing the Administration over the apparently 'obscure' issue of whether or not to deal, and how to deal, with initially polite East German officials controlling Berlin's access routes." Somehow, the implication is, we must appear ready to go to war for even as seemingly small a matter as that. Otherwise our bargaining position is destroyed.

ARE WE actually to believe that, because of some East German misbehavior, the President, who knows the probable level of retaliation, the number of people who could reach *effective* shelter in a large counter-attack, the impossibility of warning them ahead of time for fear of prompting pre-emptive attack, and the kind of world the few who survive would emerge into, will leave the company of his family (for we know him now as a family man) and call for a punitive action against Russia that might provoke such retaliation? The Russians are supposed to believe it, so we must too, because this is the nature of credibility.

Deterrence is ultimately a state of mind which must exist on both sides or it will exist on neither. The danger Brzezinski mentions, of our people's not seeing the point of going to war over who stamps the papers, is that this lack of resolve will be visible to the enemy. Thus do resolve and its visibility become so important that the nation becomes totally distracted from assessing reality by a ritual process of renewal of faith and exorcism of humane sensibility (a quality hardly consistent with credibility). In this light the Birch Society could be said to play roughly the same cultural role as the Administration spokesmen and that large segment of the press which seems to consider itself the Administration's credibility task force, when these rushed forth to assure Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who feared that we were begining to show some scruples (not her word) about using nuclear weapons, that we would indeed, if provoked.

Still, it is difficult to retain such a cosmic perspective on the matter. If one need not be surprised at what conservative spokesmen are saying, it is not pleasant to discover the liberal journalists chiming in "We will, indeed," nor to hear men we have known for their calm reason and liberal humanity, such as Ralph McGill or Eric Sevareid, Max Lerner or the editors of *The Reporter*, now talk the strutting language of credibility. It seems, indeed, unreal. That of course will have to change, for we can hardly have incredible liberals serving credibility. Some part of their old selves will have to be submerged and forgotten, and another ugly change will have taken place.

Ugly seems to be the best word for it. We argue for a national policy of civil defense under the rubric of "protection" when we care most for its contribution to our weaponry – not our purely defensive weaponry but our offensive and threatening weaponry. Because of confusion and embarrassment and diplomatic isolation, we resort to such weaponry as a program of bluster. And to make it look good, we trot out every belligerent remark that every man in the street tells every roving reporter from coast to coast. But what is ugliest is how we prepared that man in the street. It is ugly that it should become national policy, subscribed to by decent men, to develop among the American people a sense of courage based on a false belief in the acceptability of nuclear war, and to use this courage as a bargaining point. Because to accomplish this—to make the American citizen useful as a counter in the game — it is necessary to kid him. The OCDM (Office of Civilian Defense Mobilization) kids him, *Life* kids him, Edward Teller and the papers which carried his articles kid him, and the President — who has announced that he will bring forth a plan for a fallout shelter costing only $150 or so — kids him. To see this, one need only speak in concrete terms of the nature of nuclear siege and of the post-attack world.

LET US say you live or work in a major city, a likely target for a retaliatory strike following some punitive strike of our own. In that case, the hopeful 15 to 25 minutes' warning time (this is optional: a few minutes, according to Representative Holifield, is closer to the truth for most cities) might as well be used for prayer. Rush hour in New York is longer than that and calls only a small percentage of the population underground, but it is a crush. Imagine those subways when the warning comes. Imagine trying to close the fire doors to keep the oxygen from being sucked out in the fire storm (as [illegible]amburg bomb sh[illegible] But then get t[illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much damage will be done by flying objects, including, according to AEC tests, flying human bodies thrown through the air by the initial blast.

Blast represents about a third of a nuclear bomb's energy. Another third is radioactivity released in two forms — instantaneous, fatal radiation, intense enough to penetrate more than two feet of concrete or earth, extending out to a radius of about 2½ miles; and the mushroom cloud of radioactive debris. This goes in part into the e equally distr ter de- c into ted s

N

is always fatal.) Thus anyone in the 25-mile radius would receive a surely fatal dose in two minutes of exposure. In the elliptical pattern, in an area receiving fallout in from 1 to 2 hours from detonation time (considering the amount of fallout and rate of decay), the fatal exposure would be 10 to 20 minutes.

After 7 hours, the level at the fringes of the 25-mile circle would have decayed to 2,000 roentgens per hour (nearer the center it would be much hotter); after 2 days, about 200/hr.; 2 weeks, 20/hr.; in four months, 2/hr. This gives some idea of how the decay works.

An auto or the first floor of a home would cut the exposure a person in it would receive by half. A basement would cut it by a factor of from 10 o 100. A good fallout shelter would ecrease exposure by up to a thou- nd. However, harmful effects of diation are cumulative, although t simply additive (over a period time a greater dose is tolerable an all at once).

OW SUPPOSE you do not live or work in a city, but 25 miles out of ground zero—say (using Cambridge City Hall) near the New Hampshire border, or in the town of Harvard. You hear the explosion down Boston way. Let us hope you do not *see* the flash or the ensuing fireball, for an uncontrollable reflex would have caused you to look towards it; you would have had an impression of something many times brighter than the noon sun—and then you would have been permanently blinded, even at distances of 40 miles from the explosion (i.e., in Worcester or in Manchester, N.H.). In that condition, you, and people all around you, would be utterly helpless, unable to find your way to shelter and blocking roads with your vehicles.

But suppose you do not see the flash, only hear the blast. You come outside to see what it was and stay long enough to be exposed to fallout for 30 seconds. You would have received about 150 roentgens. If you then go inside and take another 30 seconds looking for your portable radio or your children, you pick up another 75 roentgens. If you now go immediately to a near-perfect, self-contained deep blast shelter and stay there from then on, you would be in great danger of dying from radiological exposure, having received 225 roentgens in the first minute. (They are not your first, either, if you have had X-rays.) If you stay in the shelter *constantly* for the next 6 months (assuming you have that much supply of uncontaminated air and food), you receive about 22 more roentgens. Only about 2.5 r. would come after the first two weeks, but this of course does not mean that you can emerge in two weeks. The 2.5 r. is what arrives *through* the shelter, assuming a protection factor of 4,000. If you go to a fair basement fallout shelter with a protection factor of 250, you would have received 600 roentgens at the end of 6 months. (The *best* basement shelter recommended by the OCDM, an expensive affair, has a protection factor of about 1,000.)

Unless you had the radio on when the warning came (will the announcement be made if there is any doubt?), and you were within 15 or 25 minutes (on clogged roads or walking) of a fallout shelter to which you have certain access (viz., not your business associate's or your neighbor's) in the non-target area, you would probably have an experience like the above (to speak only of *radiological* experience). All this applies only to *exposure; ingestion* of any, even the tiniest particle, of fallout, even months after its original formation, will almost certainly add the fatal increment to the cumulative total of unavoidable damage, for it radiates constantly in the tissue and there is no protection factor of clothing; nor can it be gotten rid of.

If the Cambridge City Hall bomb is not the only one dropped on the United States in the attack, but only part of a large strike on many Eastern cities, the fallout level rises alarmingly, and the fallout patterns cover most of the Northeastern states. In such a situation, a person *could* get no more than a harmless dose if he stayed in an excellent shelter, from detonation moment on, for 6 months; but he obviously would starve or die of disease, and no help would come from other people staying likewise. He might be willing to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

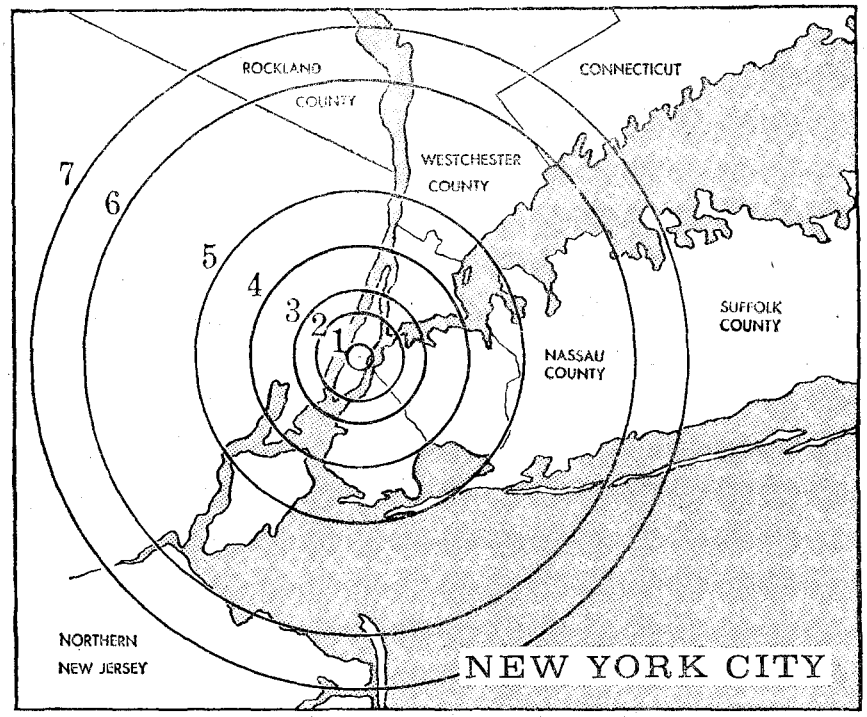
leave for one hour after two weeks, then for one hour each week for six months. (What sustenance could be found in the radius of a half-hour's walk in a devastated area—and radiation in heavy doses such as those of the first weeks also kills most vegetation—is not clear, and that help would come in from any place that didn't need it itself, is doubtful.) At that, he would receive about 150 r. in 6 months' time—75 of them coming through the shelter, the rest on his trips out. This much would be devastating to a child, but an adult might be willing to risk it for his family, provided he forego future children and accept mild damage.

DURING the second year after an attack on 71 U.S. metropolitan areas and some military targets with a (very conservative) total of 550 megatons (1959 Holifield Committee guess), the average level of fallout radioactivity in New England would be about 0.7 r. per hour, a level that still denies human occupancy. A few months out in this would be very risky, and certainly sickening. Even in the fifth year, a person out for a year would receive 800 r. which, because not received all at once, would rarely be fatal but would cause some sickness. (It should be emphasized that persons suffering even mild radiation effects are very susceptible to disease, their resistance being destroyed.)

The radiation picture is complicated by the likelihood that repeat salvos at intervals of a few weeks will be programed on invulnerable-type weapons (roving subs, etc.) by any enemy wishing to be threatening and learning that we are ready for a few weeks underground.

I have not mentioned the last third of the energy produced by the nuclear bomb, and must do so briefly. The heat of the bomb comes in two pulses, one coming immediately and lasting millionths of a second, but so hot it vaporizes all matter near it. The second comes from the fireball, reaching a peak a few seconds later and lasting half a minute or more. Let us return to our Boston area man in the far town—Beverly, or Andover, or Lowell, or Brockton—about 25 miles away, and

20-MEGATON BOMB—GROUND ZERO: MID-MANHATTAN



1 (½-m. rad.): crater 300 ft. deep
2 (4-m. rad.): total destruction, including deep shelters
3 (6-m. rad.): brick buildings, basement shelters destroyed
4 (10-m. rad.): frame buildings destroyed; ordinary shelters useless
5 (15-m. rad.): damage from flying objects
6 (25-m. rad.): 2-min. exposure to radiation fatal; danger of death by fire
7 (30-m. rad.): edge of fire storm; winds up to 200 mph.

Note: Map does not show secondary, but dangerous, 12,000 sq. m. radiation belt.

anyone closer in. If he saw the flash, but shielded his eyes, his clothes would have caught on fire, his exposed flesh charred, his frame house burst into flames (thus shutting off the basement shelter), his lawn, his shrubs and his trees have caught fire, and his asphalt driveway would melt (as would the roads out of town).

ABOUT 30 miles from center marks the edge of the next phenomenon, the fire storm. All wooded areas and towns in a circle from New Hampshire to near Worcester to 2/3 of the way to Providence and nearly to Plymouth would form one huge fire, swept toward the center by 200-mile-an-hour winds. This fire would be many times greater than any forest fire, and would cease only with the exhaustion of all combustible material. The light rainfall accompanying it would be ineffective in controlling it and would merely bring down noxious products, like fallout and the hundred thousand tons of nitric acid formed in the blast. This firestorm would probably consume the oxygen that anyone in a deep shelter might need.

I cut short this discussion, largely ignoring the problems of survival in the post-attack period, such as reclaiming arable land from lingering radioactivity (e.g., by growing 40 inedible crops on it, which takes 40 years in New England). Obviously there would be political, social and economic chaos, with distribution and law-enforcement and public-health systems gone. Food and water supplies would be rendered useless if not vaporized; the denuded land would erode and wash fallout down to double and triple concentration in low (farm) areas. With water and sewage systems destroyed, disease would spread. And the first people on the scene would not be the Red Cross but, more likely, roving bands of crazed, short-lived humans marauding shelters for food or help.

One often hears hopeful noises about reducing these effects by com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bining passive with active defense—active defense being the anti-missile missile. It is not easy to get unequivocal statements about the prospects for the anti-missile missile, but according to a scientist working on it for one of the missile-research companies in the Boston area, it would cost at least $15 billion; it would have to be fired in about a nine-to-one ratio for every incoming missile; and the fallout from an interception on the West Coast or inland (or in the East, if the enemy picked the right weather), would do about as much damage as if the missile had arrived, since fallout is the most difficult long-range problem. Also, a surprise attack might give *no* warning — an enemy could lob missiles from submarines to the coastal cities and as far as 1,500 miles inland.

Furthermore, if a ten-megaton warhead is intercepted just inland (and warning time even on trans-ocean strikes is not sufficient for interception very far out) at an altitude say of 30 miles, the burst on a clear day would set all combustibles afire over an area of 5,000 square miles, thus roasting and suffocating everyone in a non-combustible shelter.

ALL I have said concerns just how protective CD can be, *even if it were much better* than the current basis for optimism and rugged resolution. One must also ask, furthermore, how CD can keep a small strike from turning into a big one.

Consider especially an accidental firing, or an ambiguous explosion from unknown sources, perhaps caused by an Nth country, or even some unaccountable signals in our BMEWS equipment. To press the button in such cases would be to bring on holocaust needlessly. Does CD help avoid this? To the contrary, it increases the likelihood that the button will be pressed—at home by making us less hesitant (and hesitation is the all-important damping mechanism, since in delay reason may operate). But more important, by making our attack potential more credible, it increases the likelihood that an accidental launching on our part, or an ambiguous signal on enemy radar screens, will cause *them* to press the button. One reason why we did not launch retaliation on Oct. 5, 1960, when our BMEWS radar mistook moon echoes for missiles, was that a Canadian Air Marshal (Slemon), who was in charge of NORAD that day, asked one of our officers, "Where is Khrushchev?" "In New York City," was the reply. It seemed inconceivable that the Soviets would launch an attack with Khrushchev in New York. Had the Soviet Premier been conducting his business from a blast shelter somewhere, an attack would have been more credible, and the ambiguous data added up differently. This will work the same way in the other direction.

JUST as dangerous as accident is the increasing belligerence of our NATO allies and some other quasi-nuclear powers. CD would reduce fatalities in the first area hit, were that here; but wouldn't it diminish the likelihood of reflection, double-checking and confirmation? Credibility has a strong count against it here, the more so as one supposes the chief danger of war to be not premeditated aggression, but accident and the consequent panic.

Unfortunately, these are the matters of which officials, planners and commentators speak in abstract terms. But so they must: the dry and distant tone of their discussions, usually mixed with some very reasonable-sounding strategic considerations and some glorious phrases about freedom, resolve and vigor, are necessary both for the listener and the speaker. Credibility, like mystic faith, depends on darkness and incense. Let in a little light—a few facts, a critical attitude, a realization of just what is being gambled, a frank discussion of the stakes—and the mood may be broken. Those who have spent any time with the facts know better than to say that a better world lies beyond war, so they either keep their mouths shut or mumble the ritual. Their abstract-glorious tone is becoming the familiar sign of organized, sanctioned and subsidized bad faith.

I would oversimplify if I were to imply that this charge of bad faith applies across the board. There are humane and decent men among the proponents of civil defense, and certainly some pro arguments are hard to answer. Personally I would not try to talk anyone out of building a shelter; I would only warn him how little can be expected of it and how much trouble it might cause him. It could save his life if he is lucky, and he *might* be! What, after all, can one demand of a private citizen in a non-target locality, or a responsible *local* official, given the trend of international affairs beyond their control? On that level the choice may be simply personal (or communal), and perhaps it is necessary to distinguish between two levels of advocacy: local, or private, responsibility and national policy.

Yet there is leakage, and, to speak personally again, my own rejection of CD on the private level is based in part on the sense I have of participating even there in a repugnant policy and contributing to a dangerous mood. We fortunately have the right to claim private lives, but can we believe it? Not if our personal actions encourage others and the accumulated result is perhaps to reduce casualties from 30 to 50 per cent, but at the same time, by contributing to the despair, delusion and generalized belligerency of our own population and to the insecurity of the enemy, to increase the likelihood of the attack. Our actions will help shape the policy.

MEANWHILE, the policy is shaping us. We want it believed that we will smash our opponent for misdemeanors and not count the cost. But if we begin to examine the cost —the cost of attack, and the cost of credibility itself—it would appear that there is only one way to make such a claim truly credible: to prove beyond doubt that America does *not* stand for respect for life, man's dignity, humane community, liberty in any meaningful sense, or political integrity and decency. When we have proved that to all, including ourselves, then we shall know that our weapons system is really credible and will probably deter. We shall know that America is as safe a place to live as any on earth—safe, that is, from attack. But how many of us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will choose to live here? How many, rather, will leave at any sacrifice, just as we now see men whom we congratulate leaving the Soviet world because they have lost respect for it and faith in it: because life there has become, for them, living death?

Is this the credibility we are now trying to achieve? I am afraid so. Just as the President must blind himself and us to retain the mood of credibility, so must the State of Nevada make credible by awful means its threat against Southern California, and so must the citizens of Bakersfield theirs to Los Angeles, and so must neighbor to neighbor everywhere.

How they will do this I am not sure; but the process is under way, and if it is completed we shall have achieved not just credibility, but all that goes with it.

II. The Reluctant Moles . . *by John Kay Adams*

Chicago

IF THE COUNTRY survives civil defense, the summer and fall of 1961 will be remembered as the time the agency officials put their family fallout-shelter program on a man-to-God basis.

God was summoned by the new director of the civil-defense agency, Frank B. Ellis, a Louisiana politician. He addressed a conference of the National Association of County Officials in Chicago in mid-August urging private construction of fallout shelters. Building them is "the Christian thing to do, the Godlike thing."

"It is just as much a sin to commit suicide by indirection as it is to put a gun up to your head and pull the trigger," he continued. Building a family fallout shelter, he said, is "just the same as not committing suicide."

"Revival for Survival" is Ellis' slogan for breathing life into the family fallout-shelter idea. In past years people paid little attention, ignoring the distressed cries of civil-defense zealots who blamed apathy for the failure of the plan.

If mere apathy were involved, the shelter campaign should be a smash. Apathy is a pushover to an advertiser who is determined to move his mouthwash, deodorant or soap. The tested, infallible advertising pressures are applicable directly to the family fallout-shelter drive. There is an appeal to individual initiative. To the shovel, Dad! Every man a bricklayer! Save now by choosing an economy model! No money down! Easy payments! Friendly credit!

The most effective sales pressure is fear, of which there is an abundance in the nuclear age. Your children will perish unless you build them fallout protection. Do it now! There is no time to waste! And the clincher: it's the "Godlike thing" to do.

In the ordinary market place, this combination should move anybody. How can a father be so callous as to go to his office on Monday morning without blisters on his hands, when he should have spent the weekend fortifying his back yard?

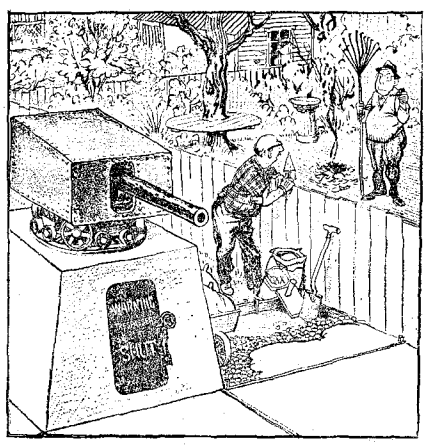
No, apathy isn't enough to account for the enormous resistance to this selling campaign, which has everything. The fault is in the program. The family fallout-shelter pitchmen are trying to force a basic moral decision on an individual basis. No one much cares to make a basic moral decision, especially when all he has to go on is the word of a few civil-defense politicians who have done little to inspire confidence.

It is natural, after all, to suspect the objectivity of civil-defense authorities when one considers the career of Ellis' predecessor as chief of the federal civil-defense agency. This was Leo A. Hoegh, a former Governor of Iowa, who was in charge of civil defense when the government issued the still-current family fallout-shelter pamphlet. What is Mr. Hoegh doing now? He is here in Chicago as executive vice president of the Living Shelters Division of the Wonder Building Corporation. He sells preformed metal fallout shelters.

The decision to build a fallout shelter privately goes beyond the question of whether or not to defend oneself. *It demands that each man decide whether he is prepared to go into voluntary solitary confinement.*

The nature of the decision required has emerged gradually over the weeks from a number of related events.

On September 15, *Life* told its millions of readers "How You Can Survive Fallout." As supporting evidence, the magazine reproduced, with modifications, drawings published in June, 1959, by the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. Since the original work had encountered monumental indifference, the reprinted material seemed new to the public and its interest was reflected in the press.



Toronto Star

"But you're welcome to my perennials."

THROUGH the years, the wire services have carried stories about shelters, usually clearly labeled as promotion stunts sponsored by shelter salesmen. Each had an angle, such as what fun it is to spend a honeymoon underground. But shelter stories this fall had less levity.

The Associated Press reported from Caledonia, N. Y., that one Hugo Maria Kellner, a doctor of philosophy who served in the Nazi Army, built an elaborate fallout and bomb shelter in the hills south of Rochester. It will protect his family only. A picture with the story show-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed Kellner standing at the doorway of the shelter holding an Enfield rifle. He was quoted as prepared to use the rifle to keep outsiders from entering. Hollywood columnist Mike Connolly described a Palm Springs, California, shelter built by Hyatt Von Dehn, former husband of Ginny Sims. This is "a push-button operation with air conditioning, living room, play room, two bedrooms, three TV sets, four radios, a well-stocked larder and an underground swimming pool."

From these, and similar stories, the public learned that those saved will include rich Nazi Army veterans and ex-husbands of former movie stars. The inevitable suspicion is that the family fallout-shelter program is for the solvent, while the poor presumably will see God.

ABOUT the time Ellis was bringing his version of the Christian viewpoint on family fallout shelters to Chicago, a related matter came to the attention of the local city and county authorities. In this area, it appeared, building-permit regulations practically prohibited fallout-shelter construction. So, with considerable fanfare, the codes were quickly amended. Both city and county now give permits free.

But the public couldn't have cared less. In the first forty-five days under the new regulations, the city issued exactly five shelter permits and the county passed out two.

Chicago has 500,000 buildings, most of them stuffed with people. Officialdom admitted it was baffled. George L. Ramsey, the Chicago Building Commissioner, said:

"I can't understand it. First, all this hubbub about how thousands of people want to build shelters to protect their families, but couldn't because of certain provisions in the building code. Then when the City Council changed the code, nobody seems interested any more."

For many city people, of course, it is physically impossible to build a shelter. They do not have back yards or basements. On the other hand, there are plenty of yards and basements in the jurisdiction of Cook County Building Commissioner Erwin R. Horwitz. Here people are scattered over 600 square miles of unincorporated suburban land, a good part of it in lawns. Yet the lawns remained undug. Horwitz commented: "We don't even charge a fee for our permit, and the types of shelters we approve are varied enough to appeal—on paper at least—to people in all economic strata. Yet only two persons have applied for permits. It's amazing."

PART of this customer balking may be attributed to conventional factors. One is that shelters cost too much money. Despite multiple official assurances that anybody can lay solid concrete blocks, the actual performance by an amateur is something else. Cost figures get a once-over-lightly in the fallout-shelter literature. A favored figure is about $200 for blocks alone. There is an occasional vague reference to calling in a contractor. Through experience, most home owners suspect a contractor isn't going to talk at all until at least another zero is added to the $200.

The money question can hardly be all-important, however, in an area which is generally prosperous. It may be that Chicagoans are irrevocably persuaded that they live on ground zero. For years, civil-defense officials have been telling them that, come the holocaust, they will all be wiped out by explosion and fire or suffocated in fire storms. It is understandably a bit difficult for them to accept right away the new, or rather renewed, contention that fallout is the big danger.

During the years when civil-defense authorities were pushing evacuation as the best bet for survival, some Chicagoans, at least, planned accordingly. Many Chicagoans are immigrants from the farmlands and small towns of Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Iowa. They retain ties with the countryside and, when the time comes, intended to use the age-old military combat strategy: "Let's get the hell out of here."

The rightness of the retreat tactic was reinforced by various entertaining articles about how a family survives in the wilderness with a can of soup and a coat hanger. The general idea is that you take the rim off the soup can and bend it into a fishhook. You use the coat hanger to snare rabbits. But every determined outdoorsman knows that even with the best tackle, he could devote his entire attention to catching fish for two weeks and come out with nothing more substantial than a nice suntan. As for rabbits, they are smarter than people with hangers.

UNTIL the fallout-shelter revival, the retreat-minded were confident they were following the strategy recommended by at least half of the local civil-defense organization. The other half had a contradictory plan. This was demonstrated during a publicized civil-defense exercise several years ago. The Illinois civil-defense director got on a microphone and ordered everyone to evacuate the city. The Mayor then took the same microphone and urged everyone to take cover and stay put.

Ivan P. Azaroff, the second secre-

How to Survive

A Tucson storekeeper and constituent of Representative Morris K. Udall, Democrat of Arizona, sent in a few "Modest Proposals for the Provision of Adequate Shelter in Case of Atom War." The proposals included:

¶"A National Lottery — all persons *qualified to vote* would be permitted to draw a number with the opportunity of winning space in a survival shelter. This plan, advocated by several Southern states, would automatically prevent the continuing of minority problems among the survivors."

¶"Befriend a Commie Plan — Since we all know they won't drop a bomb on one of *them*, befriend a Commie in your block and stay with him! Write to your local John Birch cell for a list of neighborhood pinks."

¶National Essay Contest — with survival space as a prize. Suggested topics are: "Why I Deserve to Survive," "What I Could Offer to Surviving Society." "Why My Breeding Entitles Me to Special Consideration," "Why (If I Survive) I Would Impeach Earl Warren (If He Survives)."

—*The New York Times* (Oct. 23)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, asked why the Embassy is not building fallout shelters, replied: "We rely completely on the American government for protection."

We might all share Azaroff's confidence were it not for the civil-defense program, which boils down to the adjuration: "Every man for himself."

This, of course, is an absurdity. About half of the federal tax money goes for national defense, and a taxpayer can legitimately ask his hired hands to provide defense. Are fallout shelters really effective? How will our allies regard our decision to hole up? In terms of the defense dollar, will shelters be worth what they cost? Will they discourage or provoke attack? The government alone can make the policy decisions. That responsibility cannot be delegated to the citizen; it cannot be left to him to decide which physicist, engineer or politician he will turn to for advice.

Any nuclear attack upon the United States would be an attack upon all. Therefore, if a fallout-defense program is to function, it must be designed to protect everyone. The attack would be general: therefore, the defense must be general.

The private-family fallout-shelter scheme is not a plan for the common defense, and for that reason it cannot work.

IN MILWAUKEE, a builder became aware of neighborhood tensions created by his activity. He promised thereafter to deliver fallout shelters in "unmarked trucks for secrecy" and told his workers to pass themselves off as TV repairmen. He explained that his customers would not want their shelters jammed with neighbors in a real alert.

But suppose the neighbors find out anyway (as they will); what, then, do you do to keep them out? The Rev. L. C. McHugh, associate editor of the Jesuit weekly, *America,* and a former teacher of ethics at Georgetown University, wrote an essay called "Ethics at the Shelter Doorway." In it he notes:

> If you are secure in your shelter and others try to break in, they may be treated as unjust aggressors and repelled with whatever means will effectively deter their assault. . . . Does prudence also dictate that you have some "protective device" in your survival kit, e.g. a revolver for breaking up traffic jams at your shelter door? That's for you to decide.

Father McHugh at least poses the troublesome question about the gun. Civilian-defense bulletins are mum on the subject of small arms as a tool of survival.

On the other hand, in justifying the shooting of your neighbor's child to save your own, Father McHugh lets the dilemma creep up on him. The problem is not necessarily "to be or not to be"; at this stage, it is merely to lay bricks or not to lay bricks. The two questions are not the same, and they do not come up at the same time.

Religious leaders of many faiths, including some Catholics, have attacked Father McHugh's position on precisely this ground. The Rev. Angus Dun, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, called the building of shelters "immoral" and "unjust." Rabbi Herbert Brichto, teacher at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, said: "The moral thing is not to prepare for the survival of a fraction of the human race."

In taking such a position, these theologians identify themselves with an ethic that is as old as civilization and transcends denominationalism. St. Thomas Acquinas said that individual man is "related to the entire community as part of the whole." Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, acting president of India and former teacher of Eastern religion and ethics at Oxford University, notes that "Hindu and Buddhist systems aim at universal salvation." Nicholas Berdyaev, Russian Orthodox theologian, holds the view that "The greatest religious and moral truth to which men must grow is that we cannot be saved individually."

And long, long ago, in some dim corridor of antiquity, Cain asked the Lord, "Am I my brother's keeper?"; and, before God's wrath, he "went away from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the Land of Nod, East of Eden"—where he lived detached not only from God, but from his fellow man.

The Land of Nod was Cain's fallout shelter—and as of today, at least, it would appear that Americans will have none of it.

Germany and the Two-Way Illusion . . *by Heinz Pol*

Bonn

THERE IS nothing like a short trip to the German Federal Republic to give one a comprehensive picture of the basically tragic relations between the United States and West Germany. For only in personal talks and on-the-spot observations can one assess the full extent of a calamity which, in the final analysis, arises from the political immaturity of the two nations. In many respects, the average German and the average American are alike in their youthful enthusiasm for material goods. In listening to the people of Hamburg, Frankfurt or Munich, who boast of their latest luxury cars or the furnishings of their offices, one wonders who invented and perfected the system of status-seeking: the Germans or the Americans?

There are, of course, some subtle differences. For example, in the skyscraper of the Hamburg newspaper tycoon, Herr Springer, who is successfully trying to become a super-Henry Luce, it is not the thickness

HEINZ POL is the U.S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of West Germany's leading liberal dailies.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the carpeting but the number of windows in an executive's office which is the social yardstick. Whoever has fewer than three windows is looked upon as small fry. Otherwise, I was constantly surprised that the people of the Federal Republic still spoke German, just as on my return to New York I am certain to be astonished to meet so many familiar types who will insist on speaking English instead of German.

But while political immaturity may have its occasional juvenile charms, it has highly dangerous aspects. The naïveté displayed by the Germans during the last decade stems from their illusion that vast, invincible America would take care of the future and that all their wishes, economic and political — particularly the reunification of their divided country — would come true. Washington, on the other hand, continues to labor under the illusion that it can have what it would describe as Germany's urgently needed military cooperation for strengthening the anti-Communist front in exchange for helping it to achieve reunification.

DURING recent weeks, both illusions have been punctured. Of course, the disenchantment is more noticeable here; our own political teenagers apparently still refuse to give up the fantasy of Berlin as the showcase of the West and of Chancellor Adenauer as a permanant fixture.

True, Adenauer will continue to rule for a while. He has become an institution, as comfortable as an old shoe. But his halo steadily fades, and the observer can feel this most strongly here in Bonn. Nevertheless, the paradox remains that even the millions who voted against Adenauer don't really welcome the political end of the great father-image. This feeling penetrates even the ranks of the opposition Social Democratic Party.

The aged Chancellor seems nearly irreplaceable both to Bonn politicians and the average citizen in Stuttgart, Munich or Düsseldorf. After the losses he incurred in the elections, his omnipotence suffered, to be sure; but compared to the potential competitors of his own party (let alone those of the other two major parties), he still remains the unbeatable favorite. What will happen after he has gone, regardless of his successor, no one knows — with the possible exception of Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss. Strauss is smart enough to wait, meanwhile building the *Bundeswehr* into a fortress for usurping power when the time is ripe.

This may take a few years. With the dream of Berlin's and Germany's reunification now up in smoke, German nationalism and its traditionally close ally, militarism, are just beginning to see a serious chance for seizing power. Here in West Germany, it is quite obvious which way

Ulbricht

the wind is blowing. A good many Germans resent Washington's attitude — why don't these incredible Americans start a war over Berlin? — and the tone in which they voice this resentment is deeply frightening to those who can recall German voices of a recent era.

A man in a highly influential position — political, economic and cultural — told me: "If the Allies break their promises and the pacts they have made with us, all of us will go over to the East." This was said with that mixture of regret and threats which is so characteristic of the type. By the same token, these people reject any attempt to present them with the realities of the situation. Talk to them in these terms and, suddenly, the never-conquered hatred, the icy contempt for anything non-German, appears on their faces. And most of these revived old nationalists, who this time feel that Washington stabbed them in the back, expressed genuine compassion for me, who in their eyes was obviously forced to spend my days outside the pale of real civilization.

TRUE, the number of those who rant about American betrayal and urgent "reorientation" is comparatively small. It is largest in Berlin and North Germany proper. In the Rhineland, in Hessen and Bavaria, people are in a more reserved, quieter mood. Here, too, they will discuss the over-all situation, but not so frequently and without such emotional overtones. Yet even these talk as if nothing can be changed.

I asked a younger member of the Social Democratic leadership, one of the "great hopes" of tomorrow, if at least a partial demilitarization of the Federal Republic might contribute to a durable quieting of all Central Europe. He replied impatiently: "The existence of the *Bundeswehr* is beyond debate. It has become a reality, and no future German policy can do without it."

I also spoke to many persons who discussed Berlin and Germany's reunification with admirable insight. These were mostly younger—students, engineers, office workers and others—who frequently had a much more adult approach than their successful elders, loaded as they are with suppressed guilt feelings and the resulting resentments. But all these enlightened young ones added regretfully that they had to keep their views to themselves or voice them only among their intimate friends.

None of the three large parties (which do not even remotely differ from one another in the field of foreign policy) would permit its members a deviation from the norm. A young lawyer, who has studied in Harvard for a year and who is intellectually several cuts above his provincial milieu, admitted to me with an apologetic, resigned smile: "If one were openly to say that Germany's division is after all the inevitable result of a lost war and that so far Germany has paid relatively little for the damage she has done, one would be lynched. Even before August 13, the Berlin problem could not be discussed objectively, least of all by the Berliners, who have lost much of their *sang-froid*. But, then,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can there be a reasonable discussion about Germany and Berlin with the Americans?" I had to agree with him.

BUT ALL THIS sound and fury notwithstanding, most Germans are by no means so emotionally upset about the Berlin development and the hopelessness of reunification as they like to pretend. To this day, West German trade with the unmentionable Comrade Ulbricht has not been interrupted for a single hour. The trade, regulated under official agreement between the governments of East and West Germany, amounts to several hundred million dollars annually. For the trade relations between Bonn and East Berlin, there is no Berlin crisis. What West German exporters really fear is that, as a result of the crisis, Ulbricht's German Democratic Republic will turn increasingly to trade with Communist Poland and Czechoslovakia.

For me, this paradoxical situation was most grotesquely illustrated in a dining car of a train between Hannover and Cologne. There I struck up a conversation with a gentleman who introduced himself as a leading official of a municipal government in the Ruhr. Soon he began to talk about the "absolutely intolerable" situation in Berlin and the "absolute necessity" for the United States to use some strong-arm tactics on the Russians. He said: "The Communists don't belong in Europe. We Germans have said this time and again. When will the Americans finally understand?" With a sigh he ordered a drink—imported Soviet vodka, on the menu of the state-owned West German railroads. This is only one of the many beverages imported through Ulbricht's land. Where trade, food and drink are concerned, a good German knows neither stone walls nor iron curtains.

And the future? The further development of the Bonn Republic will probably be determined by two factors. The first is continued economic prosperity. As long as it continues, any kind of nationalist coup, or any serious flirtation with Moscow, is unlikely. West Germany never had it so good, and its economic framework is not likely to break down at the first warning signals. Nevertheless, the drive for a "reorientation" in German foreign policy is bound to gain ground, if only because Adenauer's successors will have to offer something new to the voters.

The second factor lies in the future position of the West, particularly of the United States, with relation to developments in the Federal Republic. The drive toward an Eastward reorientation can only be checked if the West (under Washington's leadership) shatters West German illusions concerning Berlin and reunification, and presents suggestions for a German foreign policy which will take into account the reality of the two Germanys. Such a course would open new perspectives on the whole relationship between West and East in Central Europe. Only a modicum of good will and rationality is needed to decontaminate the cold-war atmosphere in this decisive part of the globe. During the last decade, United States policy toward Germany, by accident or by design, has merely brought out the worst of German initiatives, and has served neither the United States nor the Federal Republic.

There are people in Germany and in America who see this dilemma clearly. But in neither country do they hold responsible government positions. It is the illusionists, the emotionalists, the immature elements —those who think they make *Realpolitik*—who hold one conference after another, always sterile and always described as "fruitful." These are the politicians who feverishly work for "conventional rearmament," plead for bomb shelters and groan under the crises they themselves created.

For these reasons it is possible for someone returning from Germany to pick up the first newspaper on his arrival in the United States with the eerie conviction that he has not been away at all.

LAW AND THE SIT-INS . . *by William M. Kunstler*

SINCE MAY 24, 1961, more than three hundred whites and Negroes who arrived by bus, plane and train in Jackson, Mississippi, have been arrested by municipal police, charged with a breach of the peace, promptly convicted and sent to the Hinds County Jail. In each case, the evidence against the defendant consisted solely of the fact that he or she, as a Negro or in the company of Negroes, had entered a "white only" waiting or lunch room at the airport, the railroad station or one of the city's two bus terminals. Their arrests were necessary, a police officer testified, to prevent riots. In his oral decisions, Police Justice James L. Spencer emphasized that he was sending the defendants to jail for disorderly conduct and not for violating any segregation law or policy.

The Freedom Riders, along with their less mobile equivalents, the sit-ins and the wade-ins, have caused the lawmakers of the deep South to resort to newer and more subtle racial legislation than the segregation statutes they have found so useful in the past. The recent threats to the sanctity of the traditional "white only" bus and railroad waiting rooms, dime-store lunch counters and public bathing beaches could not be met by existing laws, which either did not cover the new situations or which

WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER, cooperating attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union and special counsel for CORE, teaches at New York Law School and Pace College. He is the author of Beyond a Reasonable Doubt? *and other books on the law.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ran afoul of rulings of the United States Supreme Court. Accordingly, such states as Mississippi and Louisiana have turned to the common law and its strictures againt disorderly conduct, breaches of the peace and trespasses against private property.

Last year, within two months of each other, both states suddenly enacted identical breach-of-the-peace legislation. On April 29, 1960, Mississippi's Governor Ross R. Barnett signed into law House Bill 558. Among other things, it penalizes any person who "with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, or under circumstances such that a breach of the peace may be occasioned thereby . . . crowds or congregates with others" in any one of a number of designated public and private places. Significantly, the latter include many of the locales where sit-ins or wade-ins had occurred. Violators are guilty of a misdemeanor and may be punished by either a $200 fine, four months in jail, or both.

In recent days, both state and federal judges in Mississippi have labeled this and companion statutes as non-racial legislation. On August 26, this year, newly confirmed United States District Judge William Harold Cox, for example, called the new law "a pure and simple peace law, enacted by the Legislature in good faith to assure peace and tranquillity among its people." Yet its legislative history belies this interpretation. The bill was introduced into the House of Representatives on March 17, 1960, as part of an anti-integration package, and one month later was passed, without debate, by a vote of 113 to 3.

When Representative Joe Wroten of Washington County stated, just before the vote was taken, that he thought that the proposed statute violated the fundamental right of peaceful assembly, he was told by one of its sponsors, "You know what the bill's for. There's no need to talk about it. Vote against it if you want to." That evening, the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* headlined its story on this and four similar bills as "Segregation Bills Get Okay in House." They were referred to in the body of the story as "five anti-sit-down bills."

The bill was voted on out of order in the Senate on April 27, 1960, because, as Senator W. B. Alexander, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, explained, "It may be needed in Biloxi this weekend." He had reference to a wade-in campaign being conducted at that time by Biloxi Negroes to desegregate local beaches. The Senate then unanimously passed the bill. Two days later, when the Governor signed the bill into law, the Jackson *News* proclaimed that "Tough Bill Signed to Deter Mixers." On June 22, Louisiana enacted an identical statute.

WHY DID Mississippi feel that the new legislation was necessary? The state already had a battery of laws designed to maintain its preferred status as America's largest plantation. In fact, the state's official segregation policy is plainly set forth in a law which orders "the entire executive branch of the government of the State of Mississippi . . . to prohibit by any lawful, peaceful and constitutional means, the causing of mixing or integration of the White and Negro races in public places. . . ."

One reason has already been suggested: existing laws did not adequately cover the new situation in the face of various federal laws, Supreme Court decisions and a ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1955 banning segregation by interstate carriers. But of even more significance was the fact that, twenty-four days before the introduction into the Legislature of H.B. 558, the U.S. Supreme Court had announced that it would consider *Boynton v. Virginia.* Boynton, a Negro interstate bus passenger, had been convicted of violating a "trespass" statute enacted by the state in 1958. The defendant had been arrested for failing to leave the white section of a restaurant located in the Richmond Trailways Bus Terminal, when he was ordered to do so, first by its manager and then by police.

Mississippi's worst fears soon were justified. In December of last year, the Supreme Court, by a 7-2 majority, reversed Boynton's conviction. According to Mr. Justice Black, he "had a federal right to remain in the white portion of the restaurant. He was there 'under authority of the law'—the Interstate Commerce Act —and it was error for the Supreme Court of Virginia to affirm his conviction."

Stripped of imaginary problems, the Freedom Riders' cases present a very simple situation. Since the *Boynton* case, it is clear that Mississippi cannot make it a crime for a Negro interstate passenger, or a Caucasian interstate passenger accompanied by a Negro traveling companion, to enter airport, railroad or bus waiting or lunchrooms reserved by custom for whites. But that is exactly what the state has done with its breach-of-the-peace statute. Very little skill in algebra is required to reach the conclusion that a law making a given action a "breach of the peace" and then punishing this "breach" is the very same thing as a law punishing the same action under a less ingenuous name.

SINCE the Supreme Court's 1961 decision overthrowing Alabama's redefining of the geographical limits of Tuskegee in the wake of increased Negro voting strength in that city, it is clear that legislative motivation has become a legitimate Constitutional issue. As Frankfurter put it in the Tuskegee case, "A statute which is alleged to have worked unconstitutional deprivations of petitioner's rights is not immune to attack simply because the mechanism employed by the legislature is a redefinition of municipal boundaries. Acts generally lawful may become unlawful when done to accomplish an unlawful end, and a constitutional power cannot be used . . . to obtain an unconstitutional result." In other words, Alabama's conceded power to redefine the boundaries of its political subdivisions could not be exercised in order to circumvent "a federally protected right."

Just what "federally protected right" did Mississippi have in mind when it adopted its breach-of-the-peace statute? In 1957, the ability to travel freely was elevated by the Supreme Court to the status of a Constitutional right. How free is travel when the Negro voyager may not join his white traveling companion in the same—and, almost al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER from a NEW ORLEANS MOTHER . . *by Betty Wisdom*

In "The News Mob," (The Nation, Sept. 30), reporter Stan Opotowsky cited last year's Battle of New Orleans' Schools as one of many examples in which newsmen, by their very presence, tend to "make" news or smother it. The reference aroused a veteran of that battle to pen the following letter to The Nation.

Dear Sirs: I must take issue with Mr. Opotowsky's statements as they related to the conduct of the press during the New Orleans school crisis. He wrote: "It soon became a moot question whether the reporters were the cause or the effect" of the bomb scenes in front of the desegregated Frantz school. The question is not moot in my mind; I was there, day after day, escorting children to school past the howling harridans. The screamers shouted obscenities (Nigger-Jew bitch, dirty Jew, and others too filthy to record) and then raced home to telephone the returning families and their escorts with threats of arson, acid-throwing, kidnaping, beatings and murder. *These calls were not made to impress reporters; they were made to terrify the recipients.* And I regret to say that in many cases they worked, and that parents who did not heed them were, in four instances, summarily fired from their jobs as a result of racist pressures. My own phone used to ring on an average of fifteen times per half hour.

I realize that ex-Mayor Morrison always maintained that the press caused much trouble; I have always believed that he was wrong. The Mayor never visited the disturbed area; he did not talk to any Frantz parents or, indeed, to anyone with first-hand information of events in the area (with the exception of the Chief of Police, who had a disciplinary problem in his force and was reluctant to curb the screamers, even when they stoned cars carrying school children). Morrison was facing, at the time, the necessity of asking the electorate to change the City Charter so that he could succeed himself; he was not anxious to offend a pressure group as strong as the White Citizens Council. Thus, he asked the reporters to form a small coverage "pool" because their presence was "causing trouble." The reporters replied that the trouble had been openly incited by the racists, but said they were willing to try pool coverage, if the mayor would reduce the number of demonstrators proportionately. This was a fair request; the demonstrators were breaking several city ordinances and a state law against disturbing the peace, to boot. But the Mayor refused, and that was the end of the pool proposal.

Ironically, Mayor Morrison's anxiety to avoid an open clash with the rank-and-file racists backfired; he lost his election primarily because his pusillanimity disgusted many of his former supporters, both white and colored.

IT IS true, as Mr. Opotowsky pointed out, that the crisis might have been covered by our local publisher. If past performance is a useful yardstick, the coverage would have been poor, and the nation would not have really known what was going on in New Orleans. The paper is ultra-conservative; during the school year of 1960-61 it offered virtually no leadership or pertinent information to the beleaguered community; what information it did offer came too late to change many minds. Its editorial position, when that emerged, was that school closing was worse than integration, but that both were evils.

This is in no way a reflection on the reporters who work for the paper. They are conscientious men and women, but they do not control what the paper prints. When a real racial clash nearly occurred on Nov. 16, it was reported in *Time* and *Newsweek*, but not in our paper. When, on stage at a Citizens Council rally, tiny white children, half of them made up in blackface, kissed each other while the chairman shouted, "Is this what you want for your children?", it was reported in *Southern School News* but not in our paper. When facts and figures on a business slump, the result of racial disturbances, were printed, they appeared in *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*, but not in our paper.

Mr. Opotowsky did not mention — perhaps because he was not aware of it — the excellent coverage of the crisis by WDSU-TV, our local NBC affiliate. The same was true of CBS and the local CBS affiliate — it was a CBS man who got, for *Eyewitness to History*, an unforgettable shot of a mother exhorting her bewildered child to "hate the niggers." The local ABC coverage was quite poor; the network did much better when it produced, an ABC *Close-Up*, a study of the first week of integration (which the local station canceled).

During the darkest days of last year, the reporters from out of town, as well as our local TV people, were kind, thoughtful, quick to warn us of personal danger, assiduous in helping us to secure police protection for badly frightened families. On one occasion, when the life of a six-year-old child was continually threatened and her mother was unable to get police protection for her, a wire-service man called headquarters and promised to print a story on police indifference to the safety of the little girl. She was promptly given a round-the-clock guard, and we were once again thankful to the press.

You must remember that we had, literally, no normal support from anyone but our close friends and from the reporters. The Mayor, the business community and the power structure in general ignored us. The local paper was indifferent to our efforts. The legislature was thirsting for our blood. Until we began reading the stories and editorials in the outside press (including the Atlanta *Constitution*), we felt cut off from the world. In a crisis like ours, there are few things worse than this feeling of isolation. It induces the racists to commit ever more terrible outrages, secure in the knowledge that no one but approving fellow citizens will ever see their actions. It induces in moderates and integrationists the feeling that theirs is a Sisyphean task which no one approves or understands. We had this feeling for months; we did not stop working, but our task was twice as hard until the outside world, represented by the reporters, suddenly materialized and approved of us.

What is more, the widespread coverage which gave New Orleans a black eye stirred the local power structure to action. This year we have a new Mayor, who stood up

(Continued on page 364)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways, the only—lunchroom in an intermediate bus depot?

Equally important is the fact that the Freedom Riders, in peacefully entering "white" waiting and lunchrooms, were solemnly expressing their belief that Negroes were morally entitled to be treated on terms of full equality by the establishments that solicited and enjoyed their patronage in other areas of their operation. Such a non-verbal expression on a matter of solemn moment is in every way equivalent to speech and is entitled to Constitutional protection. It is entirely immaterial, at this point, whether they had a legal or Constitutional right to enjoy unsegregated service; what is at issue here is something quite different—their right to indicate peacefully their conviction that they should be permitted to use unsegregated travel facilities.

Captain J. L. Ray, the Jackson police officer in charge of Project Anti-Mix, has admitted that he will arrest any person or group of persons attempting to desegregate any "white only" facilities in his city. It is not because they themselves might breach the peace—and no Freedom Rider has been accused of this—but because their entirely lawful activities might provoke others into doing so. It is the potential victim, not the perpetrator, of violence who is to go to jail.

BUT EVEN the most die-hard segregationists cannot hope to avoid the inevitable by such patently obvious legal dodges. The *Boynton* and *Tuskegee* cases have indicated the extent of the Supreme Court's willingness to look behind the outwardly innocent façades of run-of-the-mill criminal statutes. In the field of interstate transportation, the ultra-patient Interstate Commerce Commission, acting on a petition filed by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, recently announced new rules affecting interstate bus transportation. Beginning on November 1, all buses licensed by it must display signs stating that "Seating aboard this vehicle is without regard to race, color, creed or national origin, by order of the Interstate Commerce Commission." After January 1, 1963, a similar notice must be printed on all bus tickets sold to interstate passengers. In addition, the bus companies are forbidden, after November 1, to use segregated terminal facilities along their routes. Violators will be subject to fines ranging from $100.00 to $500.00.

The new rules apparently had great effect in another transportation area. Last month, Attorney General Kennedy announced that the Illinois Central Railroad — in whose Jackson terminal many Freedom Riders had been arrested — along with two other Southern roads, had agreed to end segregation in all their terminal facilities.

Three months prior to the commission's ruling, three Mississippi Negroes, with the legal assistance of the NAACP, had filed a complaint in the federal court in Jackson. The plaintiffs asked for a permanent injunction restraining state and local officials, as well as two bus companies, the municipal airport authority and the Illinois Central Railroad from, among other things, "continuing to enforce certain statutes of the State of Mississippi [and] ordinances of the City of Jackson . . . requiring racial segregation. . . ." In addition, the court was asked to put a halt to the arrest of Negroes attempting to use "white only" transportation facilities and to order the defendants to remove all signs "designating facilities set aside for colored and white passengers." A decision is expected momentarily.

On another front, the Supreme Court will shortly decide the first lunchroom sit-in cases to reach its docket. In late March of 1960, three groups of Baton Rouge Negroes were arrested for sitting at "white only" lunch counters. They were swiftly convicted of violating Article 103 of the Louisiana Criminal Code "in that they refused to move from a cafe counter after being requested to do so . . . said conduct being in such a manner as to unreasonably and foreseeably disturb the public."

The evidence of the three trials followed the same pattern. All of the defendants were taken into custody, the arresting officer testified, because "they were sitting at a counter that was reserved for white people." In none of the cases were the defendants accused of any disorderly conduct, other than their insistence on being served where they were sitting. As Captain Weiner of the Baton Rouge City Police put it, "The fact that their presence was there in the section reserved for the white people, I felt that they were disturbing the peace of the community."

The three cases present the same problem inherent in the convictions of the Freedom Riders. In both situations, the defendants were arrested, not because of any criminal conduct on their part, but because their lawful acts might provoke others to violence. United States Solicitor General Archibald Cox, in his friend-of-the-court brief filed in support of the Louisiana defendants, stated that the latter were arrested "not because of [the] likelihood of a disturbance but for the sole reason that they were sitting in the wrong place." The breach-of-the-peace statute, as applied to the wholly lawful conduct of the sit-ins, was, in his words, "so vague and uncertain as to violate due process."

The Supreme Court's decision in the Louisiana cases will be reached long before the first of the Freedom Rider cases. Since the Court has put itself on record that it is "a violation of due process to convict and punish a man without evidence of his guilt," it would seem likely that it will reach the same conclusion as far as the sit-ins' prosecutions are concerned.

If the Louisiana convictions fall, then those of the Freedom Riders cannot be sustained. Not only do the Mississippi defendants claim the same legal safeguards advanced by their Louisiana counterparts, but they have the additional advantage of a considerable body of judicial, legislative and administrative strictures against segregated interstate travel. Assuming that the Supreme Court, in their cases, continues its present policy of giving precedence to motive over manner, it will strike the death blow to segregation by subtlety. Human ingenuity may yet devise other ways to perpetuate the myth of white supremacy, but no betting man would risk a Confederate banknote on their chances of success.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bedeviled by Friends

THE LATE LORD BYRON. By Doris Langley Moore. J. B. Lippincott. 542 pp. $8.50.

W. S. Merwin

AT Missolonghi, the uninspiring Greek town on the mud flats which Byron would shortly render famous by dying there, the expedition in the cause of Greek independence was supplied with a Scotch evangelist chaplain, a worthy man who modestly aspired to convert the irreverent poet. Byron braved the danger, and at some length. In the course of the pleasantries which they exchanged on the subject, the reverend doctor, whom in other circumstances Byron referred to with amiable regard as Saint Kennedy, had occasion to come down very severely on the idea of purgatory. It was an idea which Byron considered much more humane and more Christlike than the notion of eternal punishment, and he said so.

"If it depended on me," the doctor acknowledged, "judging by mere feelings of humanity, I would have all saved. . . ."

"Nay," exclaimed some of them [it is an extract of the chaplain's own account, cited by Miss Moore], "I would not save all."

"I would save," cried his lordship, "my sister and my daughter, and some of my friends — and a few others, and let the rest shift for themselves."

"And your wife also," I exclaimed.

"No," he said.

"But your wife, surely, you would save your wife?"

"Well," he said, "I would save her too, if you like."

It was probably more than his wife would have done for him, at least throughout most of the long life which, after their separation, she dedicated to the memory of her own continuing righteousness. And as for his friends — Trelawny was one of the most resounding liars of his age, and if he was ever a friend of Byron's and not merely a hanger-on, he made up for it when there was more to be gained by detraction; yet even he, at least once, caught a clear glimpse of the peculiarity of the situation and conveyed it, somewhat oversimplified, in a letter to Claire Clairmont, forty-five years after Byron's death: " 'Byron's friends (if he had any) have bedevilled him.' "

Trelawny's parenthesis may have been a dimly guilty attempt to present his own faithlessness as though it were unanimous, but in any case it is ludicrous. Quite apart from Teresa Guiccioli, for example, who loved him as long as she herself lived, Byron had friends and Trelawny knew it. One of the best of them was John Cam Hobhouse, a man of unquestionable character and intelligence, and of considerable literary attainments himself, who had known Byron long and well, was profoundly devoted to him, and was chosen by Byron to be his executor. Another, surely, was Thomas Moore, the then-popular Irish song writer, whose acquaintance with Byron was at least comparable to Hobhouse's. Moore —as we are often told in contemporary writings, and it is easy to believe—was a "merry" and entertaining man. He was inclined to be sentimental, and "Tommy loved a lord," but his honesty was beyond doubt and he was to write, in the teeth of various important discouragements, the first full-length biography of Byron, a work of care and shrewd judgment, and of value to the memory of his friend. There are numerous affectionate references to Moore in Byron's letters to some of his other friends, and among other marks of his consideration Byron sent to Moore the manuscript of his *Memoirs*, with a view to posthumous publication and to Moore's eventually benefiting financially from the gift. It was, as Byron put it, an "anticipated legacy." And it provoked the bedevilment which Trelawny spoke of into assuming its most spectacular—and from the point of view of posterity its most appalling—form. Byron died on April 19, 1824. The news did not reach London until May 14; three days later, on the 17th, less than a month after his death, in the house of Byron's publisher, Murray, in the presence of Hobhouse, Moore, Murray himself, Murray's son and two others, the *Memoirs* (over Moore's angry but belated protest) were solemnly burned. Moore and one other were the only two in the room who had ever read the manuscript.

How this deliberate catastrophe was achieved, the motives which prompted it, the influence, for instance, of Hobhouse's jealousy of Moore in Byron's regard, and of the dither of Byron's sister Augusta at the thought of publication, though she had not read the book either—these and the rest of the self-deceptions and snarled strands of responsibility behind the destruction are the subject of the first chapter of Miss Moore's remarkable book.

She has undertaken to trace Byron's effects, material and moral, during the period just after his death. With a few of those who survived him and whose lives were inextricably connected with his fame, she carries the story much further, through most of the lifetimes of Hobhouse himself, Augusta, Byron's last mistress, Teresa Guiccioli and the immortal soul whom Byron had married. In so doing the author cross-examines the probable authenticity of the evidence, bit by bit, analyzing possible motives, holding up each fragment to compare it with all that is known of the witness' actions and utterances, before and after. Whenever possible she places statements scrupulously in their immediate contexts, trying to determine whether they are really representative, or the response to some passing occasion or state of mind. She does it all brilliantly, but that is the least of it. In the hands of anyone less humane, sympathetic and gifted with imagination, her kind of scrutiny might well have been merciless, or simply arid, and in the end have brought us very little nearer to the lives in question.

AMONG the sources which Miss Moore consulted in preparing this work were the famous Lovelace Papers, pertaining chiefly to Lady Byron, her correspondents and descendants, a collection which had not been open to any previous writer who was not himself a member of the family. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the perusal of so important a body of fresh first-hand evidence should contribute remarkably to our picture of the interesting character which was Lady Byron's. But Miss Moore's use of the material is in itself an immense contribution. The chapter,

W. S. MERWIN has recently translated The Satires of Perseus (*Indiana Univ. Press*). *His latest book of poems is* The Drunk in the Furnace (*Macmillan*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

based in large part on letters from the Lovelace Papers, which recounts the attempt of an anonymous correspondent to blackmail both Hobhouse and Augusta with threats of making public bits of Byron's past embalmed in a journal; and the narrative, in that chapter, of the relations between Lady Byron and the abandoned, hysterical and virulent Lady Caroline Lamb, one of Byron's former mistresses, is a good example of Miss Moore's sensitive grasp of the characters involved and what feelings they kindled in each other in those extraordinary circumstances. The depiction of Lady Caroline is quite as telling as that of Lady Byron, and so is the account of what they had in common.

ON the whole, the story which Miss Moore tells is a sad one, chiefly because it is melancholy to contemplate a man of Byron's personal charm, generosity, candor and gift for friendship again and again inspiring feelings of animosity of different kinds, which he knew little or nothing about, which as far as we can tell he had most often not deserved, and which would, in many cases, survive him and his age, and be recorded, and quoted, and tell against him—a great part of the time untruthfully. Envy obviously was behind some of all this: climbers of one sort or another repeatedly tried to insinuate themselves into an acquaintance with the possessor of a title, money, and both fame and notoriety, and then tried to give out that the intimacy was closer than was the case, and resented Byron for all their contortions, before, during and after. A number of these published Byrons-As-They-Knew-Him (or pretended to have known him): Lady Blessington, Trelawny himself, Medwin, Galt, Dallas. . . . But when allowances have been made for all such, and for the antics of literary jealousy, and for the results of slights, quarrels and antipathies which are known to us or can be surmised, there is still a great deal of it which seems gratuitous, and which must have arisen out of circumstances and out of areas of Byron's existence and nature which are lost to us. Fortunately for many of us enough remains (a great deal compared to most men, and indeed most writers) for us to understand as far as we need to why those who loved him did so. It is this which has led Miss Moore throughout, and the result is a book rich in erudition, insight and illumination, which leaves me, for one, in her debt.

The Gripes of Academe

PROFESSOR. Problems and Rewards in College Teaching. By Fred M. Millett. The Macmillan Co. 189 pp. $3.50.

Paul Lauter

HAVING just completed teaching a summer session in which the rate of pay might be calculated at $7 per hour, looking forward to almost a full month before classes recommence, contemplating forest greens and blue skies from my office window, I suppose that this is the time to compose a paean to the academic profession. But Professor Millett has done that for us in his Macmillan Career Book, *Professor*; and one can hope that it will not offend whatever deities patronize a professor to pull an academic carp or two from his clear waters.

Not that Professor Millett himself has ignored the dingy underside of academia (the subtitle of his book mentions "Problems" as well as "Rewards"). He shows what somehow seems continually to evade common knowledge: how false that $7 per hour calculation is, for it covers only classroom time, not conferences, grading, preparation, background reading; how the horizons of three-month vacations for fishing and inviting one's soul fade before ever-new preparation and that academic bogy man, publish-or-perish. His remarks about the "strenuous competitiveness" in graduate seminars and among young instructors and the need to "behave" if one would be a professor remain witty despite the grim realities behind his charming understatements. But for all that Professor Millett's book is stimulating and healthy, it seems to me to help perpetuate some of the doubtful assumptions so dear to the pages of *The New York Times* education section and the editorial columns of some of our weeklies.

One of these clichés concerns the shortage of teachers. Professor Millett begins his book with the usual array of statistics showing how college populations grow apace, and why, therefore, the demand for college teachers is heavy and will increase. What he does not look into is where these new students will attend college, and where, consequently, the jobs will open. Teaching at Podunk A. and M. no doubt has certain attractions, but they are not those Professor Millett holds out to professional recruits. It is not a matter of snobbery, but a matter of fact, that the number of desirable permanent positions is small in proportion both to those who desire and to those who might capably fill them. And that number (a few of the biggest and best state universities, for a little while yet, aside) has probably decreased in recent years, despite the increasing enrollment. Many of our best colleges and universities came out of the depression and the war top-heavy with (relatively) expensive tenured professors; as these have retired, they have been replaced by cheap (absolutely) rotating instructors. That may be sound economics (however questionable pedagogy), but it does not make for the seller's market one reads about.

THE college population boom, and thus the job boom, focuses on state universities, mostly in the middle and far West, junior or community "colleges," and various new or (hopefully) rejuvenated academic back alleys. "What's the matter," I hear a voice calling for sacrifices, "no spirit for the new frontiers? Students are students." That may be all too true, but college teaching is not just teaching; it is a way of life. The professor may find himself beset by politicians, or even trustees; chevied by parents objecting to the obscenity of *The Catcher in the Rye*. If he is primarily a teacher, he may find the best thoughts of his life washed down the sink of innumerable elementary sections to immutably elementary students. If he is a scholar, he may be stifled by minuscule libraries and the few opportunities to visit places with books or bookstores. If he is, as he probably should be, an intellectual, he may be mortified by the sterility of provincial American culture — the lack of theatre, museums, concerts. In the majority of American colleges the facts of existence are so remote from the theoretical life of teacher, scholar, intellectual, as to seem a bitter parody.

It is a miserable deception to dangle before the potential teacher an absolute need of great urgency, only to face him when he enters the market place with the quite relative needs of Snopes State: a $4200 offer, take it while you can, you may not see another. Modestly cosmopolitan colleges that hold to decent standards and offer a vaguely living wage have, and will continue to

PAUL LAUTER teaches English at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, Geneva, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have, a surplus market from which to choose.

The Academic Marketplace by Theodore Caplow and R. J. McGee (Basic Books) is necessary correlative reading here. It may be that it reflects the excessive concern of younger teachers for the market place, but this is a symptom of a change in the profession that Professor Millett does not seem altogether to have noticed (a more appropriate title for his book might be *White Protestant Professor of the Humanities at an Eastern Ivy College*). He wonders, for example, why tenure looms so large to the untenured, and assures us that the self-confident need not worry: "If he does not get it in one institution, he will probably get it in another equally good or better institution." This is the point at which self-confidence shades into delusion, for the market is no matter of pick and choose. Tenure seems important because no profession, hardly a job outside migrant fruit-picking, is so itinerant, rootless as college teaching. Often unable to find a position near home, almost invariably isolated by education and interests from the community at large, the college teacher must belong to a society largely composed of his academic superiors. Nor can he forget that these *are* the men (and wives) on whom his future — not just in one, but in any, institution — depends. For he knows that on his performance at coffee and cocktails, certainly as much as in classroom (unobserved) and scholarship (unread), will he be judged. So he frets over appearing cold if he doesn't ask about the dean's children, and sycophantic if he does.

Still, the game can be beat, and. . . . Here one sits, feet on desk, rereading these nasty paragraphs and contemplating an evening's fishing, if time could be robbed from a committee report—and if one could afford to rent a boat.

The Catch

CATCH-22. By Joseph Heller. Simon and Schuster. 443 pp. $5.95.

Nelson Algren

"THERE was only one catch and that was Catch-22, which specified that a concern for one's own safety in the face of dangers that were real and immediate was the process of a rational mind. Orr was crazy and could be grounded. All he had to do was ask; and as soon as he did, he would no longer be crazy and would have to fly more missions. Orr would be crazy to fly more missions and sane if he didn't, but if he was sane he had to fly them. Yossarian was moved very deeply by the absolute simplicity of this clause and let out a respectful whistle:

"That's some catch, that Catch-22," he observed.

"It's the best there is," Doc Daneeka agreed.

Yossarian was moved deeply day and night and what moved him more deeply than anything else was the fact that they were trying to murder him.

"Who's *'they?'* " Clevenger wanted to know. "Who, specifically, is trying to murder you?"

"Every one of them," Yossarian told him.

"Every one of *whom?*"

"Every one of whom do you think?"

"I haven't any idea."

"Then how do you know they aren't?"

Yossarian had proof, because strangers he didn't know shot at him with cannons every time he flew up into the air to drop bombs on them, so it was of no use for Clevenger to say "No one is trying to kill you."

"Then why are they shooting at me?"

"They're shooting at everyone."

"And what difference does that make?"

"I'm not going to argue with you," Clevenger decided, "you don't know who you hate."

"Whoever is trying to poison me."

"Nobody is trying to poison you."

"They poisoned my food twice, didn't they? Didn't they put poison in my food at Ferrara and during the Great Big Siege of Bologna?"

"They put poison in everybody's food," Clevenger explained.

"And what difference does *that* make?"

There was no established procedure for evasive action. All you needed was fear, and Yossarian had plenty of that. He bolted wildly for his life on each mission the instant his bombs were away. When he fulfilled the thirty-five

---

NELSON ALGREN is completing Who Lost an American?, *a report on Europe to be published by Macmillan.*

THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

For the first time, a scientific theory is presented which serves to elucidate man's historical record like the theory of evolution has served to elucidate man's biological past. In **A FRAMEWORK FOR THOUGHT,** a veteran scientist proposes a theory of cultural evolution which throws new light on:

1. **The origin of religion, its nature, and its function in the human society.**
2. **The rise and decline of empires.**
3. **The anatomy of Western civilization.**
4. **The present dilemma of the West.**
5. **The uniqueness of the present world crisis and the probable nature of its resolution.**
6. **The elimination of war.**

As the present world crisis unfolds in ever more fateful events, it is becoming more and more obvious that modern man is indeed involved in a unique "rendezvous with history." **A FRAMEWORK FOR THOUGHT, by H. G. Nelson,** is written for those who wish to add to their understanding of this rendezvous with its probable outcome.

PAGEANT PRESS, Inc.
101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

Please send—for ten days' free examination — **A FRAMEWORK OF THOUGHT by H. G. Nelson.** Within ten days I will either return the book or send you $3.00 plus 30c to cover the cost of handling and postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE _____

☐ **(SAVE: If you send $3.00 with this coupon we will pay all shipping costs. Same return privilege; refund guaranteed.)**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missions required of each man of his group, he asked to be sent home.

Colonel Cathcart had by then raised the missions required to forty. When Yossarian had flown forty he asked to be sent home. Colonel Cathcart had raised the missions required to forty-five. When Yossarian had flown forty-five — there *did* seem to be a catch *somewhere*. Yossarian went into the hospital with a pain in his liver that fell just short of being jaundice. If it became jaundice the doctors could treat it. If it didn't become jaundice and went away they could discharge him. Yossarian decided to spend the rest of the war in bed by running a daily temperature of 101. He had found a catch of his own.

To preserve his sanity against the formalized lunacy of the military mind in action, Yossarian has to turn madman. Yet even Yossarian is more the patriot than Sgt. Minderbinder, the business mind in action. Even Yossarian has to protest when Minderbinder arranges with the Germans to let them knock American planes down at a thousand dollars per plane. Minderbinder is horrified — "Have you no respect for the sanctity of a business contract?" he demands of Yossarian, and Yossarian feels ashamed of himself.

Below its hilarity, so wild that it hurts, *Catch-22* is the strongest repudiation of our civilization, in fiction, to come out of World War II. *The Naked and the Dead* and *From Here to Eternity* are lost within it. That the horror and the hypocrisy, the greed and the complacency, the endless cunning and the endless stupidity which now go to constitute what we term Christianity are dealt with here in absolutes, does not lessen the truth of its repudiation. Those happy few who hit upon Terry Southern's *The Magic Christian* will find that, what Southern said with some self-doubt, Heller says with no doubt whatsoever. To compare *Catch-22* favorably with *The Good Soldier Schweik* would be an injustice, because this novel is not merely the best American novel to come out of World War II; it is the best American novel that has come out of anywhere in years.

LETTER from HAVANA

Elizabeth Sutherland

ON THE NIGHT of August 18, 1961, President Osvaldo Dorticós opened the first National Congress of Cuban Writers and Artists in the Hall of Ambassadors at the Hotel Habana Libre. Five days and a flood of oratory later, the 1,300 delegates and guests scraped back their chairs for the last time and started filing out almost before the singing of *The International* had ended. While the Congress did not make clear exactly what Cuba's future cultural policy would be, it did establish what it would *not* be; and for those concerned about creative freedom, this was cause for several rounds of daiquiris.

The Congress had been called in a "Manifesto of Intellectuals and Artists" of November, 1960, as part of Cuba's whole effort to define her new identity. Art and literature before the Revolution had been upper-class diversions, unavailable to the poor and illiterate. Now, with the massive "alfabetization" campaign, there would be a huge new audience—what sort of paintings should they look at, what kind of books would they read? Culture under Batista had meant esoteric poetry, abstract painting and Hollywood movies, while the rich reserves of folklore went ignored. In her new mood of true independence, Cuba felt the need for a nationalization of the spirit as well as of sugar mills—how to bring this about? An added complication was presented by the many intellectuals who, having found life under Batista insupportable and gone abroad to live, were now back in Cuba. Pro-Revolution in attitude but strongly influenced by foreign cultures, what was to be their role? In setting a conference to discuss these questions, Cuba was far ahead of the Soviet Union —which did not hold a major meeting of intellectuals until 1934—but behind China, where Mao Tse-tung called one at Yenan in 1942, seven years before his regime was established.

The Havana Congress was originally scheduled for July, but had to be postponed because of an extraordinary sequence of events. On May 8, 1961, an eighteen-minute film entitled *P.M.* was shown on the television program of *Lunes,* the weekly literary supplement to the newspaper *Revolución,* which is the organ of the July 26th Movement. A pair of young Cubans had shot it for under $150, independently of the Film Institute (Instituto Cubano del Arte Industria Cinematográficos, known as ICAIC) which controls all except TV production and distribution. *P.M.* is a casual Saturday night tour of bars and restaurants in the poorer parts of Havana—women in tight skirts dancing at a water-front café, men getting drunk, people walking aimlessly under neon lights. While making fine use of native musical instruments and rhythms, it shows no evidence of the new, revolutionary Cuba. The film's style is that of English "free cinema" directors such as Karel Reisz, or the American picture *Shadows,* and quite unlike the documentaries produced by ICAIC.

When *P.M.* was sent to the Institute for approval by the official Board of Review, permission to show it in public theatres was refused. A roar of protest, led by the sardonic, *enfant terrible* editor of *Lunes,* Guillermo Cabrera Infante, went up against the ban. Both he and the assistant editor, Pablo Armando Fernandez, are well-read, sophisticated men. Their weekly shows this, with its coverage of new Western art—the modern French novel and American "beat" poetry, for example. Poised against them was the authoritarian director of ICAIC, Alfredo Guevara (not related to Che), who declared the film "counterrevolutionary."

THE issue quickly expanded from a dispute about one little experimental film to a stormy debate on the entire subject of censorship. A series of three meetings took place in June at the National Library, attended by top government officials — President Dorticós, Prime Minister Castro, the Minister of Education, members of the National Council on Culture. They listened as a wide range of opinions, from "art for art's sake" to Stalinist views, were expressed freely and heatedly by people in the arts as well as politicians. Some bitter personal feuds also emerged, along with various gripes about bureaucratic mismanagement. The discussion ended with Fidel Castro's speech, "Words to the Intellectuals." They were obviously words by a man who does not give first importance to artistic expression.

Castro began by acknowledging that he was "not the best qualified person"

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND, Edward Steichen's assistant before she became an editor at Simon and Schuster, has contributed articles on the movies to Horizon *and* Film Quarterly. *The latter magazine commissioned from her a report on Cuban films, and she was on that assignment when she attended the Writers and Artists Congress. In all, she spent three weeks in Cuba.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to speak on culture problems, that the discussion had sometimes seemed rather unreal to him because his main concern was the survival and success of the Revolution itself. No one challenged the artist's freedom of form, he said; a more complex question was whether there should be absolute freedom of content. The Revolution could not, by its very nature, be an enemy of liberty. But he understood that there was some apprehension among those who, without being counterrevolutionary, did not have a revolutionary attitude toward reality —felt no desire to change the *status quo*. The government must accept their existence and "provide them with the opportunity and freedom to express themselves within the Revolution." To those "within the Revolution," he promised complete liberty; to those against it, none.

As for *P.M.*, Castro had not seen it. While agreeing that the case might have been handled better, he affirmed the government's right in principle, at this stage of the Revolution, to pass on films for public showing because of the powerful influence they could wield. An oblique reference was made to the *Lunes* group in his statement that there should certainly be a cultural magazine, but not in the hands of one group. Castro went on to say that the Revolution wanted artists to work as much as possible for the cultural uplifting of the people, but "this did not mean it would tell them what to write or paint. Let each man write what he wished, and if what he writes is of no use [in bringing culture to the people], that's his problem. We do not prohibit anyone from writing about whatever subject he prefers. On the contrary. Let each man express himself in the form he judges suitable, and express the idea he wishes to express freely." Castro warned, however, that the government had an equal right to evaluate a man's work in the light of revolutionary values.

To those who "fear that 'our creative spirit will wither under the despotic hand of Stalinism' " he asked: "Wouldn't it be better to think about the future" —the new academies of art, the plan for a Writers' Center, the hundreds of schools being built? Who would not sacrifice himself for this future? . . . But the Revolution does not ask sacrifices from its artists; rather, it says, put your creative spirit to work for the new Cuba without fear that the quality of your art will be curtailed. And if someday you feel that it has been, say to yourself that it was worth while, to make this new life." Future generations, he concluded, would find it difficult to understand an artist living in these extraordinary times who had not wished to express the Revolution in his work.

Castro's words left many questions unanswered; obviously much depends on the definition of counterrevolutionary. But judging from the general tone of the speech, his main interest was to awaken the quarreling intellectuals to larger realities and to avoid taking a position that would alienate either side. He was certainly sincere when he said that his main concern would always be the masses. The fact that a 106-year-old woman in the provinces has just learned to read and write is for Castro a more important cultural achievement than the publication in a Cuban magazine of some excerpts from a Nathalie Sarraute novel. But the final effect of his speech was conciliatory; and he promised specific reforms, as in the operation of the National Printing Office. By his vagueness, he left the door open in a positive sense too; while he did not guarantee unlimited freedom of creation, neither did he indicate any rules as to what kind of art would be acceptable.

It would be a mistake to think of the conflict which came to a head at the Library as a simple struggle between Communist and anti-Communist intellectuals. A number of Cubans who took a "hard-line" position on cultural policy were opportunists who do not belong to the Partido Socialista Popular (Communist Party) and seek to gain political advantage by out-Heroding Herod. Some were members of the July 26th Movement, which has now lost much of its power as a party and resents it. On the other hand, an important measure of support for the anti-censorship group came from a young Marxist author, Lisandro Otero, who argued effectively against a repetition of Stalinism in Cuba. Two facts emerged above the steam of these meetings. *P.M.* would remain suppressed for the time being, but Alfredo Guevara's one-man rule at ICAIC had been challenged and seemed broken.

THE CONGRESS opened at last, with a slogan—"To defend the Revolution is to defend culture"—and a handsome poster showing a plant with many leaves, reminiscent of Mao Tse-tung's "hundred flowers" that can bloom under socialism. The Hotel Habana Libre (former Hilton establishment) was filled with Cuban delegates and guests from six Communist countries, four Western nations, six Latin American republics and Japan. On the stage sat a Presidential Committee, including the

A shocking report on Germany — the Frankenstein monster we have created as a bulwark against Communism

The New Germany AND THE Old Nazis

By T. H. TETENS

10 pages of documentation. Index. $4.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

WHO GOVERNS?

Democracy and Power in an American City

by Robert A. Dahl

A major reinterpretation of the location of political power in our democratic society. A case study of New Haven, Connecticut. $7.50

CHILDREN OF THE GILDED GHETTO

by Judith R. Kramer and Seymour Leventman

A candid close-up of three generations of Jews in a typical American city. A case study of Minneapolis. $5.00

Yale University Press
NEW HAVEN AND LONDON

Y A L E

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two editors of *Lunes* who tensely awaited the fate of their magazine. The schedule called for three days of plenary sessions, a day and a half of committee work and one final plenary meeting. In the evenings a full program of Cuban theatre, films, folkloric song and dance programs, a book exhibit and a painting exhibition provided entertainment.

It is hard for an outsider to say just how much was really settled at the Congress, and how much had been decided before it opened. The three major speeches certainly showed far less range of viewpoint than had emerged at the Library. President Dorticós' opening address struck the most dogmatic note—but he has no real power, and his speech reflected a personal rather than official view. Art and literature were products of society, he stated in classic Marxist fashion, therefore the artist must be politically educated. Communication must be restored between the artist and the people; the artist must ask himself for whom he was creating his work. But while demanding that the artist go to the people for his themes in future, and calling for an end to *hermetismo* (esotericism), Dorticós admitted that this did not necessarily require an end to abstract art, for example, because "some artists of this type were on the side of the Revolution."

A much broader approach was taken the next morning by bouncy, white-haired Nicolas Guillén, poet laureate of Cuba and a famous literary figure throughout Latin America as well as in France, where he lived for several years. His speech, considered the dominant one of the Congress, had an aesthetic rather than purely political orientation (it is interesting to note that Guillén is a Communist Party member while President Dorticós, according to my informants, is not). Tracing the history of Cuban culture from the nineteenth century to the present, Guillén showed how bourgeois artists had made important contributions which could not be ignored in the formation of a new, Socialist culture. Today the Revolution was full of themes for the artist; he should go out and live with the *campesinos*, paint them, write about them. But the mere use of Revolutionary subject matter was not enough; aesthetic quality was necessary too, and Guillén wasted no time rejecting "those aggressive paintings of a man with a churlish face and raised fist, his eyes sending off sparks." As for the question of whether there was room for "pure" art, "free" creation, his reply was the same as Castro's: Yes, but there can be no freedom to attack the Revolution or paint "imperialism" in rosy colors. Someone had asked whether there would be freedom to write love poems, and he answered that a poet could write all the odes he wanted to pretty girls, the moon, flowers. But he also recalled a story of how, when Stalin was sent a love poem at the height of the German attack on Russia, he told the author it was very nice, but only two copies should be printed—one for the poet and one for the girl. The aim of the Revolution, Guillén concluded, was "a culture which both frees us and exalts us, which offers man both bread and the rose. . . ."

Guillén referred to the Stalin story not in praise of Stalinist cultural policy, but because mentally Cuba today is also in a war-time state; almost everyone expects a second, full-scale invasion soon. Stalinism, however, is a minority viewpoint among intellectuals, and the Congress revealed an unspoken but clear intention to avoid the rigid cultural policies of the Russian government. Whether by accident or design, the Russian delegation to the Congress was absent, arriving after the meetings because of "a delay in transit." Cubans in general show more empathy for other Communist nations, such as the outgoing, Western-oriented Czechs.

BY the end of the second day it was clear that the Congresss had rejected dogmatism and would take a conciliatory position. In the third main speech, José Antonio Portuondo, Cuban Ambassador to Mexico and an aesthetician, condemned both criticism limited to the discussion of form and "sociological criticism" dealing with content only. Cuba's goal should be that harmony of form and content described by Mao Tse-tung (the East German delegates, seated in the front row, were ostentatiously reading the newspaper at this point). The artist should not merely observe life in the cooperatives, for example, but participate directly. "I have no objection to writers going to Paris, but they should be asked to climb the Sierra Maestra five times before they do," he said—explaining that he meant this symbolically rather than literally. Later in the day, when poet José Baragaño demanded that Cuba have a war literature, a literature against imperialism, there was no applause for this hard line. His own fine writing, incidentally, is French-inspired and surrealistic.

With the speech-making over, the Congress went to work in three committees. The first, headed by Guillén, was assigned the question of the artist's creative responsibility to the Cuban Revolution and people. Debate centered on the purification of Cuban culture, with many minor and sometimes foolish motions proposed such as one concerning the "adulteration" of the national anthem. At the peak of a heated discussion over a proposal to establish an "Institute of Aesthetic Research," one quick-witted lady rose to state: "You can't fix Cuban culture with laxatives and vitamins!" A second committee, headed by novelist Alejo Carpentier, discussed means of exchange and cooperation between Cuban intellectuals and those of other countries. In the third—"the hot"—committee, presided over by poet Roberto Retamar, discussion of qualifications for membership in the new Union of Cuban Writers and Artists provided sharp debate. But no major policy proposals emerged from any of the committees.

When the Congress reconvened for the last time, it adopted a Declaration of Principles stressing the unity prin-

INFORM YOUR CLUB ABOUT—
CUBA TODAY

The news on Cuba is either blacked out or, as Herbert Matthews charges, "badly handled."

For information based on reports from Cuba, invite speakers from the Fair Play for Cuba Committee's Speakers Bureau.

For information and a list of topics, call OR 4-8295 or write 799 Broadway, N. Y. 3.

Looking for a PUBLISHER?

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company noted for prompt service. All subjects. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from businesses, churches, etc. Send for Free Booklet. **Vantage Press, Dept. 103, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14
☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....
11-4-61

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciple; ratified the statute establishing the new Union; and called a second, Latin American Congress of Writers and Artists for next January. A National Committee of the Union was then named and accepted by vote. Its sixty members, proposed by Guillén, Edith Buchaca (leading member of the National Council of Culture) and Carlos Rafael Rodriguez (editor of the Communist Party paper, *Hoy*), include representatives of each faction and viewpoint. Later, Guillén was elected President of the Union, and Lisandro Otero—who had supported the *Lunes* editors in their fight against censorship—was chosen Secretary of Cultural Activities. Otero is a prize-winning journalist and author of short stories; he has lived in Europe and speaks fluent English. At the Library discussions he seemed to impress Castro when he said: "I don't think there is anyone here who, if forced to choose between the Revolution and art, would not choose the Revolution. But the important thing is not to force such a choice."

Can this be done? Since the Congress, fear of another invasion has risen to a new pitch and the recent assassination attempt against Castro has added tension. In this atmosphere, a decision was made about two weeks ago which was unforseeable at the end of August: *Lunes* was to cease publication on October 30, and the new Union is to publish a cultural magazine under the joint editorship of Alejo Carpentier, Roberto Retamar and José Baragaño. This development is in line with Castro's current drive for organization on all levels — in this case, under the Union. It seems ominous from the viewpoint of artistic freedom; it does not necessarily mean the advent of Socialist realism, for the editors of the new magazine, to be called *Unión*, represent both moderate and dogmatic viewpoints. The last issue of *Lunes* will be devoted to Picasso; its editor and assistant editor then plan to leave for Warsaw and Prague respectively.

In the end, the measure of artistic freedom permitted in Cuba will depend on her external security and internal politicking. Meanwhile, there are numerous signs that the tolerant spirit which prevailed at the Congress has not disappeared. A huge exhibition of painting at the Museo Nacional includes only an armful of canvases that could be labeled "social realism"; *Lunes* editor Guillermo Cabrera Infante's book of short stories is in its fourth printing; the Sunday jazz concerts in Havana continue to be crowded and smoky. At the movies, you can see *The 400 Blows* and Brigitte Bardot as well as *Two Hours in the Soviet Union*. A leading Cuban photographer expressed the attitude of many artists: "I used to do advertising work, fashion; now I photograph the Revolution and I'm happy about it. But I want to do it with style and imagination, so please send me your old issues of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . ."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THERE IS very little characteristic melody, charm or invention in the stuff that accompanies the lyrics of our musicals nowadays. The overtures are noise and the chief quality in the rest of the so-called scores is energy. Noël Coward's *Sail Away* (Broadhurst) imitates past patterns; Jerry Helman's score for *Milk and Honey* (Martin Beck) borrows from old Yiddish tunes (themselves borrowed from Russian and Rumanian sources); Frank Loesser's songs in *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (46th Street) serve as recitatives to keep the story moving. Perhaps fallout has frightened music from the air.

There are two entertaining spots in *Sail Away*. The first is a scene in which Elaine Stritch as a director of social activities on a European cruise supervises the children's play. The brats, already prepared through lack of parental stamina for their adult delinquency, are diminutive monsters at whom Coward can make us laugh. The effect is also very much due to Elaine Stritch's forbearance or, to put it more accurately, to the repression of hostility which might so legitimately be hers. She contributes, once again, to the show's best number — approaching Coward's happiest vein of snobbish disdain — "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?"

Stritch, to be blunt about it, is the show's main source of pleasure. She embodies the tough softness or is it the soft toughness of the nicest American girls! Inside there is a palpitant tenderness bruised by the callousness of the world, a tenderness which hides by making itself "wise" to the point where little seems to be expressed apart from a humorous shrewdness. The sentient girl is three-quarters armored in streamlined efficiency—and since we desire the woman beneath the armor and at the same time understand her need and admire her willingness to comply with accepted standards, we cannot fail to be won over. Stritch never makes a false move on the stage; her instinctive showmanship is always real and true.

Milk and Honey (book by Don Appell) tells the "story" of six widows who, on a conducted tour of Israel, encounter the muscular and hearty pioneers of Israel's desert. My reaction to the show might be quickly summed up by the murmur of "Oy Vay" were it not for Molly Picon's effervescent innocence, her command of the stage, her beguiling and ageless spunk. Tommy Rall as the leader of the desert cooperative has a manly quality which is manifested through a freedom of vocal force and physical agility. Robert Weede sings well —but how impoverished his material; Judi Arkin and Ellen Madison make a likable *Sabra* couple, and the male chorus produces a robust sound in the Independence Day Hora which is the outstanding bit of Donald Saddler's choreography for this production.

How To Succeed, etc., with a book by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert (based on a novel by Shepperd Mead) illustrates its title. It is a brilliantly organized musical completely integrated in its style. It is admirably cast

James B. Conant's
newest report on our schools

Dr. Conant examines the problems of the slum school—especially in Negro-populated areas—with rare sympathy and insight. And—in ironic contrast—he reveals the hidden but equally real misery that children often endure in the beautiful, expensive schools out along the commuter lines.

SLUMS and SUBURBS

A COMMENTARY ON SCHOOLS IN METROPOLITAN AREAS

By James Bryant Conant

Author of *The American High School Today* ("*The Conant Report*")

Cloth $3.95; Paper $1.95

Now at your bookstore

McGRAW-HILL

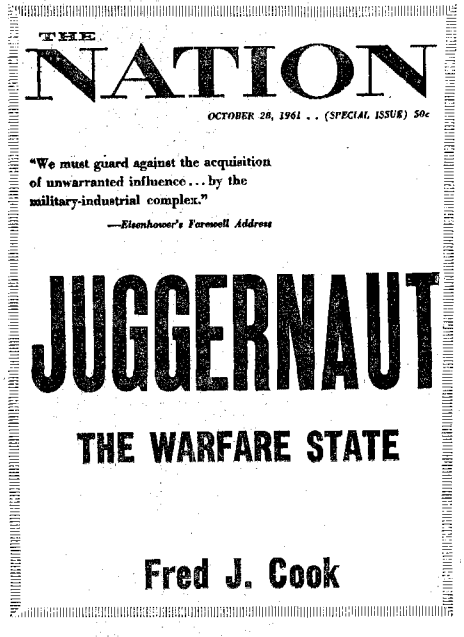
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in every role: Robert Morse and Rudy Vallee are particularly effective and they receive first-rate assistance from Charles Reilly, Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Paul Reed, Ray Mason. The musical staging by Bob Fosse and the choreography by Hugh Lambert, as well as the scenery by Robert Randolph, are all stylized with steely linear sharpness exactly illustrative of the show's theme: the useless functionalism of the corporate manufacture and sale of absurd commodities — in this case "wickets."

There are clever numbers about the sacred ritual of the Coffee Break, the Brotherhood of Man (company style) and labor's end: Been a Long Day. There are funny lines; Abe Burrows knows how to write them, since his talent lies in the direction of a determined disengagement from practically everything but success. In brief, though it lacks the juiciness and raffish afflatus of *Guys and Dolls* (by more or less the same authors), *How To Succeed* is approximately as good a musical as you can expect nowadays on Broadway—expert and gifted. Its most lingering impression is created by Robert Morse, who resembles an uncorrupted Mickey Rooney. Because of Morse's physiognomy and manner I thought another title for the show might be Huckleberry Finn Up Business Creek.

Still when I left the theatre I had forgotten a great deal of what I had seen. The reason? This satire merely kids. It is impelled by no gripe, scorn or actual dislike of its target. Its motivations are not so very different from what is presumably being ridiculed. Its jokes are palliatives.

Bulk Copies Available


THE
NATION
OCTOBER 28, 1961 . . (SPECIAL ISSUE) 50c
"We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex."
—Eisenhower's Farewell Address
JUGGERNAUT
THE WARFARE STATE
Fred J. Cook

"A significant contribution to the history of our times. . . . Convincing and disturbing to those concerned with the future of freedom in the United States."

Hugh B. Hester
Brigadier General
U.S.A. (Ret.)

The author of "The CIA" and "The FBI" writes another smash exposé — on the gravest problem facing America today.

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me copies of "JUGGERNAUT: The Warfare State," as indicated below. I enclose payment in the sum of $.....

☐ 10 copies for $4.00
☐ 50 copies for $17.50
☐ 100 copies for $30.00
☐ 500 copies for $125.00

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE.....

11-4-61

David Ross

A SHOT IN THE DARK (Booth), adapted by Harry Kurnitz from a play by Marcel Achard, is a whodunit which borders at times on farce in an unmistakably Gallic manner. Who killed the chauffeur? Was it the chambermaid? The chief prosecutor hopes so, since the employers of these two are members of one of France's most esteemed families and the handy solution would save much embarrassment. Or was it . . .? The answer must not be divulged here. Suffice to say that M. Achard's comments on life (one law for the rich, one for the poor) and on love are light, bright, always sophisticated and often witty. The play calls for acting of the same order.

Harold Clurman has assembled an amiable group of players who interpret this mercurial script in the American manner. The result is a blunt and breezy performance which, sparked by the piquant personality of Julie Harris as the chambermaid, might well have carried the evening forward to a wholly pleasing conclusion. But style is elusive. And while we might have felt the absence of that astringency which is a basic quality of M. Achard's work, we would perhaps have been content if Mr. Clurman had not introduced us to Walter Matthau in the second act. From the moment of Mr. Matthau's entrance as the aristocratic employer who could not possibly have committed murder (or could he?) we are in trouble. The elegance of his walk, the eloquence of his fingers, the world-weary eyelids, the plummy, beautifully modulated voice, the combination in fact of the actor's imagination and his comedic technique, results in a characterization completely relevant to the play as conceived by Achard and with a dramatic life which continues off-stage.

DAVID ROSS is the producer and director of the Fourth Street Theatre. He recently completed a Chekhov cycle and has just opened the second production of his Ibsen cycle, Ghosts, *starring Leueen MacGrath.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The style in which Mr. Matthau plays his not large part points up the lack of style, perhaps better the lack of relevant style, around him. William Shatner's young lawyer is more like a Harvard graduate on a Fulbright than an ambitious, idealistic young Frenchman from Lyons. His wife, though attractively played by Diana van de Vlis, is obviously more at home on Fifth Avenue than on the Rue de la Paix. Mr. Shatner's office colleague, played by Gene Saks, was born and bred in one of the five boroughs of New York. Louise Troy comes closer to an understanding of her material and in one scene displays well-controlled poise.

Julie Harris is as delightful as ever. However, she is neither American nor French. She petulantly and charmingly plays a little solo which by the third act is rendered less effective by the fact that her vocal range and technique do not match her emotional range.

What shall one say in summing up? A good play (though the adaptation needs tightening and does not sufficiently reflect its Gallic origin) and a good cast do not blend sufficiently to insure a uniformly good production.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE MESSAGE of William Inge's *Splendor in the Grass* is that, if you try to prevent a couple of high school kids from getting married, their passion may become so consuming as to drive one of them insane and the other into the arms of a pizza palace waitress. That may indeed be so, but in the case under observation it seemed to me that the young people were less helpless chips in the biological maelstrom than hostages to what Mr. Inge considers a salable movie. Like much of the alleged drama that one sees on television, *Splendor in the Grass* resembles life in about the way that a chess problem resembles a game of chess. There is nothing specifically wrong, but you can hardly believe that the pieces reached this position by normal play.

Mr. Inge achieves his melancholy effect by decreeing that from the moment we meet them Wilma Dean Loomis and Bud Stamper, heart-warming exemplars of American youth, shall be surrounded entirely by criminally incompetent adults. Each of them has one parent who is a hysterical egomaniac and one who is a mound of Jello. All references to sex that are allowed to come their way are incorrect, and most of them are obscene. When, for example, the boy turns to the family doctor for advice, the old gentleman becomes shy and is seen to blush (the film is in color). If you set the stage in this arbitrary way, you can certainly produce a bucket of tears; it is a question whether you can produce drama at a level higher than *Black Beauty*.

The picture, under the direction of Elia Kazan, is acted very hard—by which I mean that there is a great deal of bodily activity and facial extravagance, designed to suggest either psychic imbalance or emotional pressure. But the characterizations are so superficial, so committed to the obvious, that the effect is ludicrous when it should be moving. When you can predict the next disaster—now he's going to make her jump into the lake—tragedy has turned into slapstick.

Sentimentality is contempt for the human spirit, the willingness to use emotion, not as catharsis, but as a laxative. It is often very popular, as I expect *Splendor in the Grass* to be.

THE MARK, a psychological problem drama from England, is a much more responsible investigation of human behavior. It is well acted by Maria Schell, Stuart Whitman and Rod Steiger under the direction of Guy Green, and it advances the true and humane proposition that a man guilty of the most atro-

Salvages: Lassitude

In the long stretches. The cold hair. Bereft noons.

It is idle to place the word upon a table and announce
There is no one here to hear the burning!
The burning in looking at the word is not reading.
This is the room of all intense joys. Not in stillness
but in the voiceless uproar,
even the chairs emptied of their solitude.
The last fleeting spirit flickers above its objects.
And we picture a loneliness of high noon
that has emptied the room of its shadows.

To address such a loneliness. A divorce
of the senses. The daily phoenix in its ashes.

Sweep the room of its troubles, its accumulations!
Sweep. Sweep. O for a great wind
to beat the impatient air!
the stifled wildness!

Robert Duncan

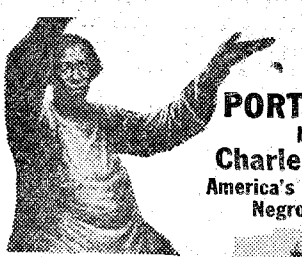
COPY PINK SHEETS

FREE! Write today for your FREE copy. Absolutely no obligation!
DANIEL S. MEAD
Literary Agent
915 Broadway
N.Y.C., Dept. 112

- Lists top-notch writers' markets U. S. A.!
- Cash prizes for writers!
- Offers writing help!

$179,741 to Writers

Your unpublished manuscript may be valuable! Our famous subsidy plan has returned $179,741 to writers in the past six years. We will publish, advertise, distribute your book and pay you 40% of retail price. Send for FREE BROCHURE N.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3



NEW PORTFOLIO by Charles White
America's Outstanding Negro Artist

PRO-ARTIS
presents dramatic new
COLLECTOR'S EDITION PORTFOLIO

Ten breathtaking reproductions of new drawings, on exhibit in New York's ACA Gallery, beginning Sept. 18, 1961, depicting "an artistic interpretation of Negro Americana . . . the poetic beauty of Negro idiom."

- Each print 17" x 22"—ideal for framing.
- Perfect for gifts . . . Christmas, business, personal.
- Beautiful in any decor, home, office, organization.
- Carefully reproduced to retain original black and white brilliance, clarity and richness.
- Heavy weight, high quality paper . . . beautiful to the eye, impressive to the touch.

INEXPENSIVELY PRICED / $12.50 for 1-10 Portfolios, $11.00 for 11-25 Portfolios. Special discounts to organizations quantity purchasers.

Order directly from Pro-Artis, 2500 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 57, California or ACA Gallery, 63 East 57th Street, New York 23, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
32 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Recipient of research grants

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

SERVICES

FRANK SANTORO—Cabinetmaker—Carpenter—Custom Painting. **AL 5-8343.** Padded Wagon (NYC).

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. ***Vans, wagons*—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC), 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

PERSONALS

THE VOLTAIRE SOCIETY
is presently considering applications for membership. Hedonists and iconoclasts are invited to contact:
Box 510, c/o The Nation

EXPERIMENTAL SOCIETY being founded in Australasia in 1926. Seek creative, industrious members (21-40). Apply: **Philia, Box 1149, Washington 13, D.C.**

RESORT

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FORESThouse
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

cious misdeeds can often be cured of the mental sickness that drives him and returned clean and whole to society.

The man in this case does not quite commit the crime—he abducts a little girl with the intention of raping her, but at the final moment recoils from this horror and gives himself up to the police. When we meet him, he has just been released from prison, where he received intensive psychiatric treatment, and is trying to start life anew under the watch of his psychiatrist. The young man has still to prove to himself that he has overcome the experiences of his youth (the film relies heavily on flashbacks) and can now lead a normal life. He falls in love with a young widow who, as bad luck would have it, is the mother of a little girl. You can readily foresee that the setup is a tricky one for the rehabilitated hero, beset by his old fears, a prurient press, the instinctive reaction of his sweetheart and the panic of an uninformed public.

The story is developed scrupulously, if with maximum suspense. What bothers me about it is that, being entertainment, it is very specific and very pat. As laymen, we are relatively uninformed about mental illness and its treatment; therefore *The Mark,* speaking in a voice of authority, inevitably becomes an educational film—beneath its tense narrative, almost a documentary. So one leaves the picture thinking oneself informed as to how a human being is cured of a loathsome sickness; and yet I believe it is by no means as simple and straightforward as here presented. Granting that the doctor says emphatically that there can be no certainty in such matters—that one must act by informed guesses and take calculated risks—still the obstacles give way with a consistency and (this being an entertainment) a rapidity that can scarcely be typical. A few lucky analysts may have in their files cases that unravel thus neatly to a happy ending, but I suspect that members of the profession would recognize it as a medical equivalent of winning the daily double. The public, on the contrary, gets the impression that psychiatry has become at least as exact a science as dentistry.

This sort of dilemma inevitably arises when the material of science is adapted to fiction. The qualifications are softened, statistical data become specific facts, hypotheses are shown as operational procedure. I doubt that *The Mark* could have been made with more dignity or accuracy and still be an effective romantic story. But it should be taken as one takes the more familiar material of detective fiction—as a diversion, not as information.

(*Continued from page 353*)

for law and order and planned, with the police chief, a program which prevented any repetition of last year's disorders. We have a committee of 300 businessmen working to restore our tarnished name by means of political pressures and public statements. The newspaper has at last taken a firm stand in favor of law and order and public education. We now have six integrated schools and there has been little trouble.

I am told that the pictures and stories of the New Orleans mobs were instrumental in convincing the people of Dallas and Atlanta that such things must not happen to them. We, in turn, used the good examples set by Dallas and Atlanta to convince our people that integration can be accomplished with no trouble. (This year New Orleans, taking its cue from Atlanta, did what Morrison should have done last year: instead of trying to curb the press, the police barricaded the schools and asked potential demonstrators to move on.)

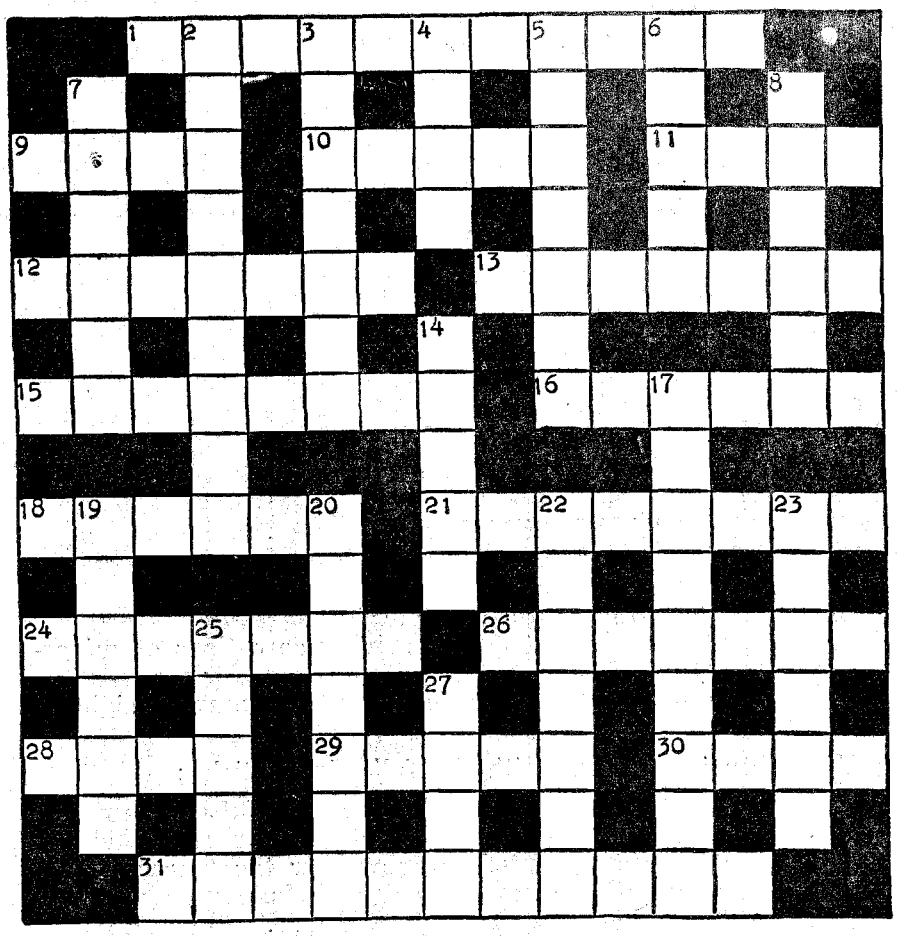
The widespread coverage of 1960, in my opinion, accomplished one thing perhaps more important than you realize. It put an end to effective resistance to integration in urban areas. (I don't include cities in Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina; those states are rapidly becoming anomalies in today's South.) The peaceful integration of Memphis indicates to me that the sheer horribleness of the New Orleans racists, witnessed by virtually every person who reads a paper or owns a TV set, repelled reasonable Southerners. The racists' great mistake has always been that they have allowed the press to see the inner nastiness of their souls. This was evident at Little Rock, more evident in New Orleans. They see nothing wrong in harassing women and cursing children, but gradually it has been made clear to them that the outside world despises them for being cowardly bullies. Like most of us, they are sensitive to disapprobation, and so they have begun to change their tactics. For this we have the far-flung press to thank.

BETTY WISDOM
New Orleans, La.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 935

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 25 down A completely meaty manner? (3, 3, 2, 3, 5)
9 and 13 Your partner, as one of these, might get a ticket. (4, 7)
10 It might be given to understand. (5)
11 How to pave the way with mineral? (4)
12 Where there might be something refreshing about the plungers? (7)
13 See 9 across
15 Went to get waited on. (8)
16 Shed some light on an unspecified part of the service. (6)
18 He lets you hear it as not being so important. (6)
21 It takes the ticket to have a pleasing effect. (8)
24 Smokes to exhaustion, or indulges in a little flattery. (5, 2)
26 Look at B.B., well within the range of vision! (7)
28 Might convey a lot of hot air (and traveled by sound). (4)
29 It took a Maiden for the other half of Schubert's work. (5)
30 Form of transportation those with malaise may stick close to. (4)
31 The British Nation? (11)

DOWN:

2 The sign he makes increases. (9)
3 Silk might be; milk shouldn't be. (7)
4 Bond. (4)
5 A sort of follower to follow at the back of the carrier. (7)
6 Dooryard bloomer? (5)
7 Rock a sailor, to some degree. (6)
8 A customer should have no part of this. (6)
14 Summer, perhaps, which sometimes 24. (5)
17 A rather uncertain rate takes a more positive form for this man of money. (9)
19 Peers. (6)
20 After three minutes in some places, but once-a-year in others. (5-2)
22 If they are mechanical rabbits? (Respighi arranged to make it fantastic!) (7)
23 Not like the curtain, contrary to what would be expected. (6)
25 See 1 across
27 Carnegie, perhaps, might have been 11 at one time. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 934

ACROSS: 1 and 16 down Fair exchange is no robbery; 9 Reputed; 10 Fairish; 11 Squirt; 12 Fireside; 14 Dragnet; 15 Pylon; 17 Lemon; 19 Egotist; 21 Decimals; 23 Midrib; 25 Treetop; 26 Reprove; 27 Democratically. DOWN: 1 Forestall; 2 Impound; 3 Entertain; 4 Cede; 5 Affliction; 6 Guise; 7 Initial; 8 Rhee; 13 Interloper; 15 Philippic; 18 Machete; 20 Turmoil; 21 Duty; 22 Motto; 24 Fret.

PUBLICATIONS

WORLD PEACE
THE JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL PACIFISM
Quarterly
Sample Copy 25c — P.O. Box 6537N
Two Years $3.00 — Atlanta 15 (Ga.) U.S.A.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS
OCTOBER ISSUE
THE CRITICAL WAR DANGER, by James S. Allen
THE CHANGING STRUCTURE OF THE U. S. WORKING CLASS, by J. M. Budish
CONTRASTING VIEWS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, by Herbert Aptheker
SOVIET POLICY ON TESTING AND DISARMAMENT, by N. S. Khrushchev
WILLIAM Z. FOSTER, AMERICAN WORKING CLASS LEADER, by Gus Hall
IN DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY, by Carl Winter
PEACE WITH GERMANY: PEACE FOR THE WORLD, by Gusta Fuchikova
35c a copy • Subscription $4
NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

L'EXPRESS
the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.

AFRIQUE action
The liberal voice of emerging Africa
Edited in Tunis, in French
Send 25c for your copy
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
1475 Broadway — New York 36

NEWTON MINOW'S famous speech before the NAB criticizing television—full text plus many other articles in the new issue of ETC.: A Review of General Semantics. Send $1 to ETC., Dept. N182, 540 Powell Street, San Francisco 2, California.

SCHOLARS, LIBRARIANS, COLLECTORS. Our catalogue No. 1 now ready. Americana —Economics—History. Durham Book Service, Durham, Conn.

TECHNOCRACY—the unique solution to a unique problem. For a copy of one of Technocracy's magazines, write to Continental Headquarters, Technocracy, Inc., Rushland, Pa.

THE PAPER TRAIN, a novel by George Kauffman, $1. L-S Distr., 690 Harrison, San Francisco 7, Calif.

AUTOMOBILE DISORDERS ANALYZED! Sample gift issue and literature. 10c includes both. Pedestrian League, Box 1308, Church St. Sta., N.Y.C. 8

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

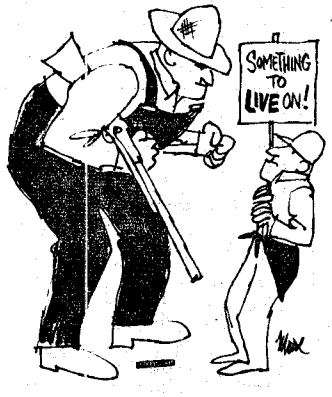
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CALIFORNIAN

AFL-CIO Drops Out, But Fight Goes On

NORMAN SMITH
The Farm Laborer's Man

This is both an article about and an interview with the man who could go down in history as the Sam Gompers of the Agricultural Workers Union. Norman Smith is the man the AFL-CIO chose to organize the 500,000 farm laborers in the U.S., beginning with California, land of huge—especially corporation—farms. Now, Smith turns around and criticizes leaders of the AFL--CIO, as well as the big farm interests. When he finishes, you will understand the farm labor battle —how its most recent chapter started, why the AFL-CIO dropped it, and what has been going on behind the headlines you have read—better than ever before.



To help you understand, the editor of **THE CALIFORNIAN,** who won an Associated Press newswriting award for a series of articles on the farm labor problem, gives you some often misunderstood background material. Excerpts from a lengthy report of the California State Department of Public Health will provide sufficient insight into the living conditions of migratory workers and the thousands of braceros in the farm camps of California. And by the way, the farmer in the above drawing holds a shotgun because that has been a not uncommon sight in California during recent picketing.

This material appears in the November issue along with the following articles:

BUSINESSMEN BACKING ANTI-COMMUNISM CRUSADE — Still more material on the rapidly growing Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, which has its headquarters and recently held its biggest "school" in Southern California. Material is presented to show how the Crusade deals with communism. Big corporation officials backing the Crusade are named, followed by a short article on why a central labor council rejected an overture from the Crusade.

THE INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING CARTEL — by Senator Estes Kefauver. Lengthy excerpts from his comments during the recent Senate battle over international shipping conferences and cartels.

WRIGHT PATMAN ON NON-PROFIT FOUNDATIONS — Congressman Patman's material deals particularly with the A&P Tea Co.-Hartford Foundation, Kresge, and Kress. His criticisms are blunt and specific.

THE NATIONAL POSTAL UNION — This is an organization of dissident postal clerks that broke away from the official AFL-CIO United Federation of Postal Clerks in 1958. It has grown to 30,000 members, compared to the Federation's 134,000. Here, its officers air their criticisms of the Post Office and the AFL-CIO, and some difficulties with the Civil Service Commission over a health plan NPU established that is cheaper and pays a higher premium than the Government-backed Aetna, Blue Cross and Blue Shield.

FREE — Meisenbach Case and Health Hucksters Reprints

With each subscription order, **THE CALIFORNIAN** offers Irving Hall's article on the Meisenbach Case and the series on the malpractice in the hospital and medical insurance business by Joseph King, president of the American Patients Assn.

To: THE CALIFORNIAN, Dept. N-5, 308 Delger Bldg., 1005 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.

☐ I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription plus the free reprints.
☐ I enclose $8 for a two-year subscription plus the free reprints.
(Foreign please add $1 a year postage.)

Name .....

Adress .....

City ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED